The RING

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Recalling the "Good Old Days"

Famous Group of Sportsmen

Left to Right (Top Row): Sam Harris, manager of Terry McGovern; Joe Humphreys, Johnny O'Connor, Charley Miner, trainer of George Dixon, and Tom O'Rourke, manager of Dixon. (Middle Row): Terry McGovern, Charley White, referee, and George Dixon. (Bottom Row): Charley Mayhood, trainer of Terry McGovern, and Danny Dougherty.

"One-Eyed" Connelly—The Champion Gate Crasher of the World

By ELDORA FIELD

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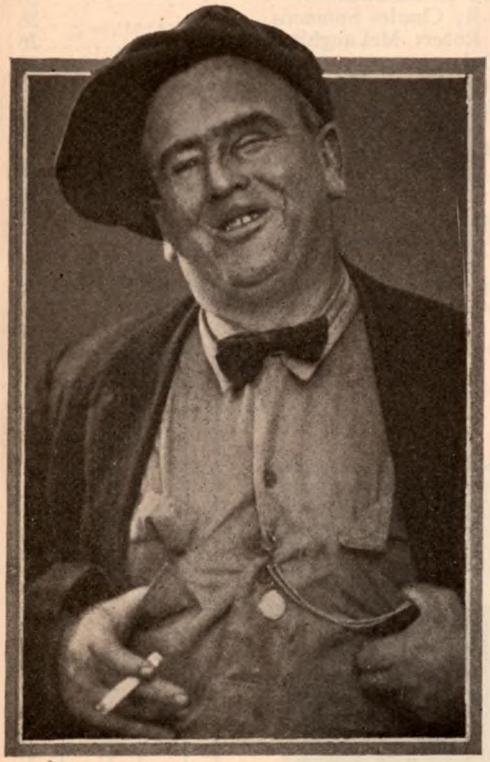
"THE fight's official 'One-Eyed' Connelly has arrived." A hoarse voice announced this at the Wills-Firpo fight at Boyle's Acre, and the hundreds of fans within sound of the voice, applauded vigorously and settled beak with highly amused smiles.

Practically the same announcement has been made at every big sport event in recent years, and it means that "One-Eyed" Connelly, known as the champion gate crasher of the world, has again triumphed; that despite every obstacle put in his path, the clever little Irishman has again found a way to climb into the charmed inner circle without presenting a ticket at the gate.



One-Eyed Connolly

If you think it's not much of a task, try it some time, then mulitply your difficulties by picturing this situation: that at sport events all over the country, "One-Eyed" Connelly and his determination to crash gates, is well known and that invariably, some time before the opening gong is sounded, the edict goes out, "Watch the gates, 'One-Eye' is trying to crash." Everybody concerned watching to intercept him—determined for the sporting principle of the thing that he shall not pass, when—way down near the press seats, or the judges' stand (invariably from a good vantage point) some one is sure to discover and announce that the inevitable has happened and "One-Eyed" Connelly has crashed again.

HOW many times this has happened we can faintly compute, when we consider that "One-Eye" has been crashing gates for over thirty years; that in that time, he has seen every important championship title change hands (unless of course, two important events took place at practically the same time and at widely separated distances) and there is no good proof that he ever failed to crash the gate into the event. To be sure, there was one time over in Vernon, California, when he didn't see the fight he had arrived in town to attend.

The promoter on this occasion thought it a good joke to have Connelly jailed, pretending that they took him for a notorious crook. So while the fight went on to its fascinating finish, "One-Eye" chewed indignant finger nails behind the bars of the city jail. BUT, "I claim that Vernon affair was a foul," Connelly declares when it is mentioned. "It wasn't good sportsmanship. They didn't give me a chance. A chance is all I want—and I'll guarantee to crash any gate." And most persons who are familiar with "One-Eye's" astounding record are willing to take his word for it.

Why does he do it? people are always asking. They reason that more than a mere desire to "hobo" the price of an entrance ticket must animate a man who will travel hundreds of miles, enduring actual hardships, rebuffs and failures galore, before coming into his final, inevitable triumph. They are right, "One-Eye" crashes gates because it gives him supreme satisfaction to pit his Irish wit, his knowledge of human nature, his stick-to-it-iveness—many of the qualities in fact, that make men highly successful in various lines of business, against the equal determination to keep him outside the gates of sport events.

Queer ambition—his? Well yes, but at least it *is* an ambition and when the fulfillment, grotesque as it may be, bears the label of success, it isn't entirely unworthy attention.

"ONE-EYE" didn't start out with his ambition full fledged and invincible. The first gate he crashed wasn't a gate at all, but a tree. Connelly, just a lad then, had with much financial effort procured a ticket for some desirable event. All primed and with eager eyes (he had not yet suffered the accident that later deprived him of the sight of one optic) the lad arrived with the precious pasteboard, only to find his seat occupied by a band of hoodlums, who jeered openly and refused to let the young Irishman take his place.

Heavy indignation swelled Connelly's young breast, and although from the branches of a nearby friendly tree, no part of the program escaped him, the incident made him resolve to never purchase another ticket for a sport event as long as he lived. Later, the thrill which his success in "crashing" always brings him, kept Connelly's resolve alive, and now he merely "exists" between sport events and only "lives" when he is mentally searching heaven and earth for a way to crash through and announce himself a victor.

Thinking It Over

"One-Eye" is known from one end of the country to the other, as well as in Europe (he has crossed the water eight times in pursuit of sport events) and Australia. Reams of newspaper stories have followed his exploit, for "One-Eye" and his "crashings" make the best kind of newspaper copy. He likes it too—the publicity, and it is

not without intention that he has acquired an acquaintance with sport editors all over the country. Almost invariably, they are his warm friends and if they had their way about it, Connelly would never have the least trouble crashing. In fact, to get as far as the press table in any sport event, is to mark "One-Eye" safe, for no red-blooded member of the sport press would stand for Connelly's being put out into the cold world.

* * *

THE various schemes the man uses to get inside the events he has cast his one eagle eye upon are almost multitudinous and are invariably clever. Rebuffs, near-failures, seem to sharpen and intensify his wits. There was the Dempsey-Carpentier fight; thirteen times "One-Eye" made the effort to get a place inside and was unsuccessful. This followed, too, on top of the fact that Connelly had been tendered a free ticket (which little courtesy he never fails to decline).

But of course this bundle of Irish nerve "One-Eye" never dreamed of giving up. However, the situation had grown tense. He could hear the surge of voices within, rising and growing louder and louder. Usually, at that stage of the game, he was safely inside. The noise grew in volume, with calls and hand-clappings; it was almost time for the opening gong. Connelly gave his brain one last rack. Then he went out, borrowed a white coat, bought an armful of pies, and as a mighty roar went up, announcing the introduction to the ring of the first pair of fistic gentlemen, "One-Eye" strode boldly past the main ticket entrance.

"These for the press," he yelled, pointing to the tier of pastry. Pure, unadulterated nerve won out again, and a few minutes later Connelly placidly munched pastry with the press representatives and viewed the fight from the charmed circle of their approval.

At the Firpo-Dempsey fight, "One-Eye" was again put to using his last ounce of native wit. At this fight, the drag lines were particularly "hard boiled," but this man, whose motto is "There's always a way to get by," was alert for the right suggestion. It came when "One-Eye" spied an empty second-hand trunk. The latter he borrowed, and a half hour later Connelly, on an express wagon and accompanied by the trunk, appeared at one of the entrance gates.

The trunk was thrown off, and Connelly, apparently almost staggering under its weight, approached the ticket window. "Where you going?" yelled a policeman standing near.

"Got a trunk for the Polo Grounds," Connelly yelled back.

"What's in it?"

"Tickets."

"Where from?"

"Madison Square Garden."

"Where'd they tell you to put the trunk?" the ticket man now broke in.

"In the office," 'One-Eye' responded.

"Then why in h—— don't you?" the ticket man ejaculated, turning back to the line, and Connelly's troubles were over for that occasion.

* * *

"ONE-EYE" has donned the habiliments of almost every profession some time in his career of "crashing." Out in New Orleans, some months ago, Connelly

Reading About His Adventures

prevailed upon the leader of the band which was to furnish the music for the particular affair "One-Eye" longed to attend, to allow him to enter the gates as a member of the band. So "One-Eye," gorgeous in uniform, coat and cap, and carrying a stray tuba to bear out the resemblance, nonchalantly strode through the gates with the musical organization. Seated upon the bandstand, however, Connelly was confronted with an embarrassing situation. Conspicuous as he was, he couldn't doff the uniform undetected and a minute later, when the leader rapped for attention and the band swung into a spirited melody, "One-Eye" could only bleat dismally on the borrowed tuba. Becoming excited, he put forth extra strength, and the hoarse bull-frog notes that came from the instrument, were too pronounced. The leader had to stop and admit the situation. Everybody took it as a good joke, however, and Connelly remained in and saw the show.

On another occasion, Connelly again contributed to the comfort of the press as well as furnishing his own "alibi." This was at the Dempsey-Gibbons fight. If you recall, it was hot as Hades that day at Shelby. Perhaps that's why "One-Eye" could think only of a "cool" stunt. He hunted around town until he found a pair of ice tongs he could buy—he swears they were the only ones in town. Then he hired a Packard (notice his psychology in wishing to arrive at the gates in a high class car) and then went around to an ice house and invested in a two dollar cake of ice (ice was almost as high and precious as diamonds at Shelby).

Four minutes later, the Packard wound gracefully before the main entrance gate, the chauffeur respectfully handed the cake of ice to Connelly who had alighted, and "One-Eye" rather haughtily strode towards the ticket taker. "Ice for the fighters," Connelly condescended to explain and the ticket man waved him hastily inside.

What did Sir Connelly do with the ice? He walked down to the ring side, borrowed two buckets, broke up the ice, added water, and nobody will ever be more popular with the press than "One-Eye" was on that hot day, for he watered the newspaper fraternity generously, incidentally viewing the fight at only a few arms' lengths.

IT is evident that a man who has visited practically every city in the country, crossed the continent eighteen times, made numerous trips to Australia, Cuba, Canada and abroad, has met a lot of people and must know a corking lot about human nature. Connelly does. "I can read 'em like a book—people," he said. "I meet the same types again and again—everywhere. One good glance at a man and I often know things about a man that he doesn't know himself."

"I like people," he went on reminiscently, "and I've got friends everywhere—the whole United States is my home, you know," and the green eye flashed rather wistfully.

"But your profession being—er—rather a peculiar one," I ventured,

"must bring out some mighty unpleasant qualities in some of the persons you come in contact with."

"Listen," Connelly said coming closer, "People are as alike as peas about this. They fight to keep me from succeeding, but they always seem delighted when I *do* succeed—human nature, I suppose. Oh sometimes, when a fellow's got a bet up that I won't get in and he loses—even then, they're almost always good sports and give me the glad hand. Just like Jack Corcoran, fight promoter at a Toronto bout.

"Jack was positive that I couldn't crash his gates, said so in all the newspapers and had a bet up. 'Course I knew he was bound to lose. On the morning of the fight, I kept stickin' around and I overheard a conversation over the 'phone in which Corcoran authorized the passing of ten wounded soldiers from the Christie Hospital to the Coliseum, free.

I hot-footed it over to the hospital, and got the doctor in charge, who decided it would be a good joke, to bandage me up and let me go through with the soldiers in one of their wheeled chairs. The soldiers, on to it of course, got so tickled over the stunt and watched me so closely that I was afraid I'd never get past the gate keeper, and as there were now eleven, instead of the ten that the order called for, there really was a little trouble, but they finally let us all through. I didn't take off my bandages until we were carried to ring side seats. Then I called for Corcoran, who is a good sport for he nearly laughed his head off and paid his bet without a word.

"WHAT do you know about people that helps you most—when you're trying to get by?" I asked.

"The knowledge that people take you at your own valuation," Connelly answered instantly and earnestly. "A lot of times when I'm trying to get through, I act and talk with authority. People don't question my attitude, if I don't question it myself. Take the rodeo at Calgary, Canada. When I arrived there, I got in with a crowd of New York feature writers and reporters. They were guests of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials—come out there to write up the railroad or something.

"The reporters thought I was one of the railroad officials, and later the Governor and the railroad officials thought I was a New York correspondent. I didn't talk much—just looked wise and stuck around with the gang acting like a railroad official one time and a correspondent at another. It wasn't long though until I got tired of the strain and told 'em who I was. It just shows though, if you're confident—"

"Many's the time I've walked by a line-up at the gate shouting, 'Everybody hold on to your ticket.' Then I've simply said to the ticket taker, 'See that everybody has his own ticket' and passed on in. If I'm confident enough and don't falter, he'll not question my authority. At the Wills-Firpo scrap, I got by that way. I ambled up to the ticket taker at one of the gates and said, "Everything going all right?"

"Pretty well," the man answered.

"Then you won't need another man to handle the crowd?" I asked.

"I guess I can handle it all right," the man answered, but there was a little doubt in his voice.

"All right," I shot back, "I'll be back again and see how things are coming." Then I walked right on into the arena and the man didn't question my right. I took my place in one of the cheapest seats, the $2.20 ones. A couple of minutes later, I threw my cap into the next highest priced seats—the $5.00 ones. I went to get my cap and remained in one of those seats. A little later, I threw my cap into the $11 section and so on, until I reached the $22 rows.

All would have been well, but an usher spotted me. Before he could reach me, I chucked my cap right down into the ring side seats—the swell $27.50 roosts. But by that time the ushers were swooping down upon me. Just then, I spied my friend George Cohan (there's one good sport, you bet). "Hi, George!" I yelled, "Here's your chance to make yourself solid with me for life."

"George has seen me pull the crash before, and he promptly invited me to take a seat near him that one of his friends had failed to occupy. From there, within a few feet of Firpo and Wills, I watched the fight and wound up by goin' back to New York as Cohan's supper guest."

SOME of Connelly's best gate crashing stunts were brought out at the last world's series. A messenger boy's cap and a fake telegram for Clark Griffith got him in on the first day. On another day, catching sight of Peckinpaugh, the then injured shortstop about to depart for the grounds, but limping painfully as he made his way to the machine, Connelly insisted upon accompanying Peckinpaugh in the capacity of nurse. "Lean on me, Peck," he admonished, lending his shoulder as they got out of the machine. "Peck" leaned—heavily and in this attitude, Connelly escorted the injured shortstop up to, and right through the charmed gates.

Another day, "One-Eye" grabbed a little black bag, and for the benefit of the gate keeper, became a locksmith, badly needed at the judges' stand. That was easy, but at one of the world series games, he found the "crashing" unusually difficult. He tried a number of his stunts, but without success. Then he went to press headquarters and asked for Fred Lieb. "Fred," Connelly inquired earnestly, "Is there anything I can do to help around the grounds?"

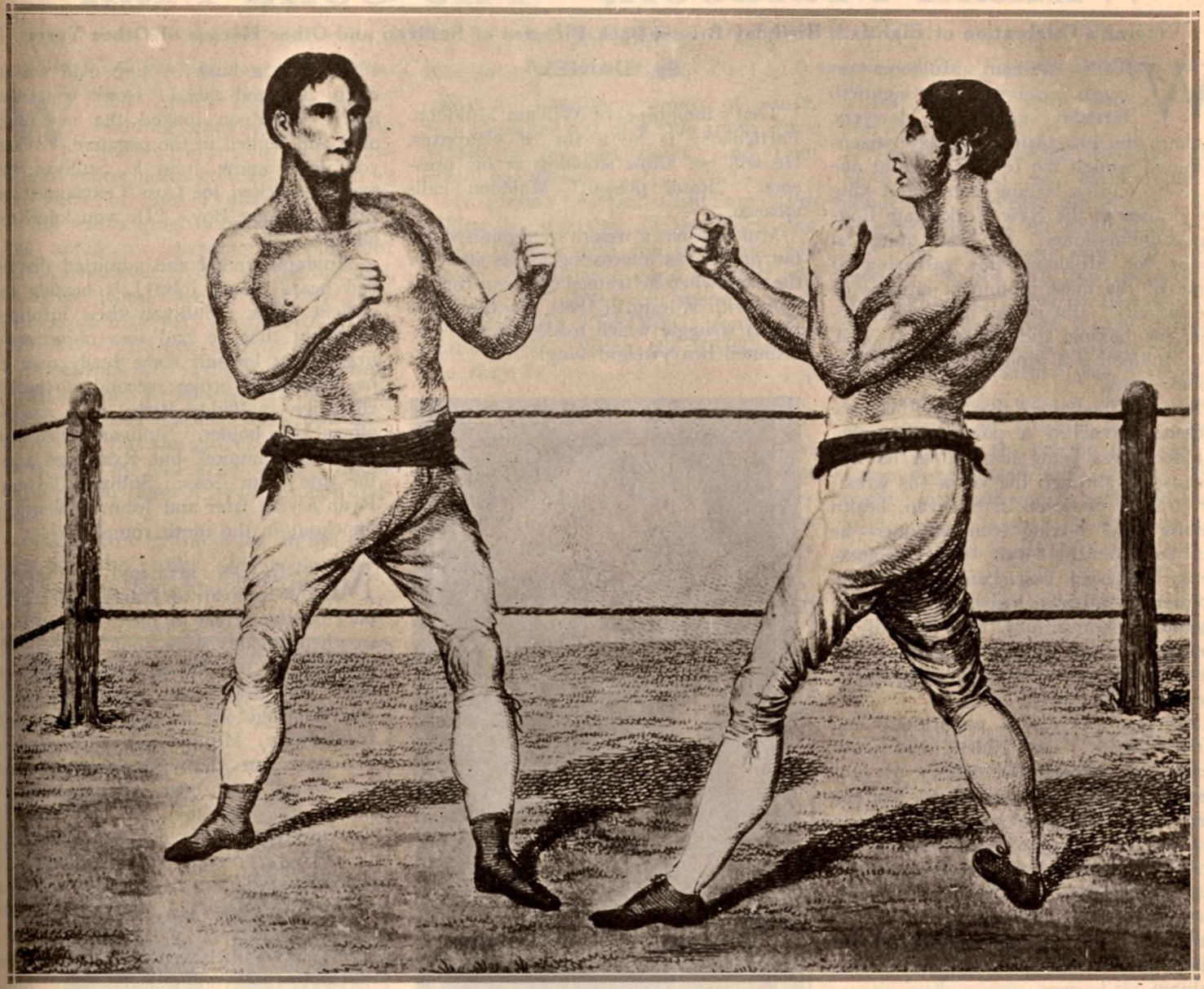
"Don't know of a thing," Lieb answered slowly.

"Well then, give me a note, if you will, that will let me ride out to the Polo Grounds in the players' bus. This, Lieb was willing to do. The note read: "Bus Driver, Pass bearer to the Polo Grounds, Fred Lieb." Connelly thanked Lieb profusely, then hastened over to the Polo Grounds. Firmly holding his thumb over the words, "Bus Driver," he flashed the magic words, "Pass bearer, etc" before the gaze of the ticket taker. That worthy, his eyes on the signature, waved the "bearer" by and "One-Eye" again viewed the game from within the grounds.

Connelly for all his peculiar ambition and activities, is not without some decided standards of conduct. While nothing would induce him to supinely pass the portals of a sport event on the strength of a free ticket, he is equally determined to never crash a gate where the event is being staged for a charitable purpose. On such occasions, he gladly buys a ticket—several of them if his pocket book warrants. This brings us to the subject of "One-Eye's" mode of living. He is not a parasite. He scorns any suggestion that he ever "crashes" his living expenses. As a matter of fact, he has half a dozen facile professions, and while they are humble, ranging from that of newsboy to agent for a patented head piece for prize fighters (on several occasions he has added movie actor to the list, appearing at Hollywood in quite animated scenes, where it is feared, however, his talents were somewhat obscured by the rest of the "mob" actors) he earns his way while waiting for the next worth-while sport event to be staged.

IT MUST be admitted that "One-Eye" crashes his transportation though, especially if the desired affair is a long

They Were Fistic Rivals Even a Century Ago



The Jews and Irish have ranked among the world's most aggressive people for many centuries. In pugilism they have furnished the greater portion of the world's famous fighters. From 1719, when boxing took a firm hold upon the English, until this day the Jew has played a prominent part in the development of the sport. The above shows Jack Randall (left), the Irish lad, and Aby Belasco, the Idol of the Jews, as they appeared in 1823. Randall easily triumphed over his opponent.

distance from his last roosting place. He is expert of course, on all the ways to travel without attracting attention, and many is the long distance train that has somewhere in its steel anatomy, concealed and carried him to some desired location.

His latest and most ethereal crash took place recently in St. Petersburg, Florida, where "One-Eye" is enjoying the soft breezes of a Southern winter. The owner of a sea plane there, hearing that Connelly had declared his intention of crashing the gate to an air trip, emphatically challenged the possibility, insisting that a sea plane was one place where "One-Eye" could find no foothold.

Be that as it may, the aviator of the plane was ready and willing to take up a passenger who had been booked the day before for a three o'clock ride. It was a few minutes before three when the passenger, fully equipped in regulation aviation togs, even to a helmet, appeared. He cheerfully acquiesced to the aviator's suggestion that he was the passenger expected, climbed obediently into the cockpit and they were soon sailing through the mild Florida atmosphere.

The aviator pointed out the various points of interest trailing below, and the passenger seemed unusually interested and attentive. They circled about the entire Pinellas peninsula, a good thirty minutes trip, before descending. Then the passenger thanked the aviator with suspicious heartiness, removed his helmet, straightened up and grinned, with his one eye sparkling delightedly. "First man in the world to crash an airplane flight," he announced, and Green, the owner of the sea plane spent the rest of the day metaphorically kicking himself. He simply could not conceive that Connolly had put one over on him.

"What about the Pearly Gates, 'One-Eye,'" I asked, "Do you expect to get by them?" Connelly's one green eye wavered not a bit. "Yes, I do," he answered briskly, but his voice was a bit wistful as he concluded, "Anyway, I'll try and you must remember I'VE NEVER FAILED YET."

William Muldoon, "The Solid Man"

Veteran's Celebration of Eightieth Birthday Brings Back Pictures of Sullivan and Other Heroes of Other Years

By "DANIEL"

WHEN William Muldoon recently celebrated his eightieth birthday merchants, lawyers, bankers and just plain every day citizens gathered around the festive board at one of New York's leading hotels and sang the praises of the New York State Boxing Commissioner. It was quite an honor for Muldoon—this gathering of some of the most prominent citizens of the big city. But it was quite a distinction for boxing and wrestling as well, for Muldoon is a product of the professional arena.

As "Bill" sat there that night his very presence preached a powerful sermon. Muldoon was being honored as he was because all through the years—as wrestler, trainer of John L. Sullivan, health builder and boxing commissioner—he had been on the level. Great temptations had been cast before the man. Powerful influences had been exerted to attempt to swerve him from the path of the right. But at eighty Muldoon sat there, looking every man squarely in the eye—On The Level!

Muldoon has had a picturesque and varied career. His athletic life practically has spanned the history of professional sport in this country. He has seen most of the great ones come and go and he still is regarded as one of the most reliable judges of boxers and wrestlers in the world. Hardly ever has Muldoon, since the day when he trained Sullivan for his fight with Jake Kilrain, failed to discern a champion in the making.

"BILL" has had a chance to study the question of health and exercise as few others have been able to study it, and he has propounded some sound views. For one thing, he believes that our athletic system in this country, particularly in the public schools, is all wrong. He thinks that our youngsters are injured by too much athletic forcing. American high school boys perform athletic feats which are beyond mature men of other countries.

Incidentally, it is pointed out in this connection that thousands of our school athletes, after making records in high and preparatory school competition, come to the colleges already burned out.

"Don't smoke cigarettes. Keep out in the fresh air as much as possible. Don't rush so much. Don't poison your system with worries over schemes and machinations which are shady. Be on the level."

That's the gospel of William Muldoon. Particularly is he a foe of cigarettes. He will not allow smoking in his presence. "Rank poison," Muldoon calls tobacco.

Muldoon has a wealth of reminiscence, but none is as interesting as his story of the days when he trained Sullivan for the fight with Kilrain in 1889, a seventy-five round struggle which made John L. undisputed heavyweight king.

William Muldoon

AFTER Sullivan had won the fight Muldoon made a vow never again to condition a boxer, and he has kept that promise to himself. Muldoon broke with Sullivan after they had returned from the Kilrain battle, and from that time on relations between them were none too sweet. In some cases gratitude came rather hard for John L.

Muldoon ruled Sullivan with an iron hand and the boxer didn't like it. "Bill" also could throw John L. in a wrestling bout—and Sullivan didn't like that, either. He hated to run second to anybody in anything, and this physical superiority of Muldoon led to the break with the champion.

Sullivan came to Muldoon without solicitation. "Bill" was standing in the New York Exchange one afternoon in 1881 when a husky young man walked up to him and asked, "Don't you know me?" Muldoon looked the newcomer over and replied in the negative. "What, you don't know John L. Sullivan, the man who licked Joe Goss," exclaimed the Boston Strong Boy. "Do you know me now?"

Muldoon smiled and admitted that he had heard about John L.'s beating the ancient Goss. Sullivan then informed Muldoon that he had two objectives—first to get himself some ready cash, as he was stone broke; second, to hurl a challenge at Paddy Ryan, who was the official title holder. Sullivan styled himself the champion, but Ryan had taken the title from Goss. Sullivan did meet Ryan a year later and John L. won by a knockout in the ninth round.

MULDOON arranged a "benefit" for Sullivan at Harry Hill's place on Houston Street in 1881. About $160 worth of tickets were sold, but Sullivan had to give up $50 to Steve Taylor to meet him in a four-rounder. Taylor was knocked out in the second round. Incidentally, Muldoon is authority for the statement that this was the first four-round bout ever scheduled in the United States.

After that benefit at Hill's there was an interval of eight years before Muldoon took Sullivan in hand for the fight with Kilrain. John L. had had a hectic career. He was fat and slow, was drinking far too much and seemed to be on the verge of becoming a has been. Muldoon was induced to take the wreckage in hand and prepare Sullivan for his battle with Kilrain.

Muldoon proved a tough taskmaster. He roused Sullivan at daybreak and

(*Continued on page* 9)

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PUTNAMS

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Just An Earful

By TAD

(New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of Ring Features Syndicate, Inc.)

WHEN Artha Johnson was a budding black hope out West he lived in a gym run by another meerschaum colored brother by the name of Sam Pruitt. Now, said Pruitt was a most obliging gentleman and acted as sparring partner for Artha whenever Artha needed one and, as is the usual fate of sparring part- even got a fifty-fifty break with Artha. Sam ALWAYS got the worst of it.

Sometimes late at night Artha would bring a bunch of sports, half lit up, to the gym to see a bout. He'd pull Sam out of bed, put the gloves on with him, muss Sam up and grab twenty bucks or so, giving Sam a buck for consolation.

Artha often trained for fights, and Sam was the buffer. He took everything Artha had, and LIKED IT.

Finally one day the worm turned. Sam figured it out that he wasn't getting any richer, nor was he growing younger, so why act as a punching bag for this man Johnson?

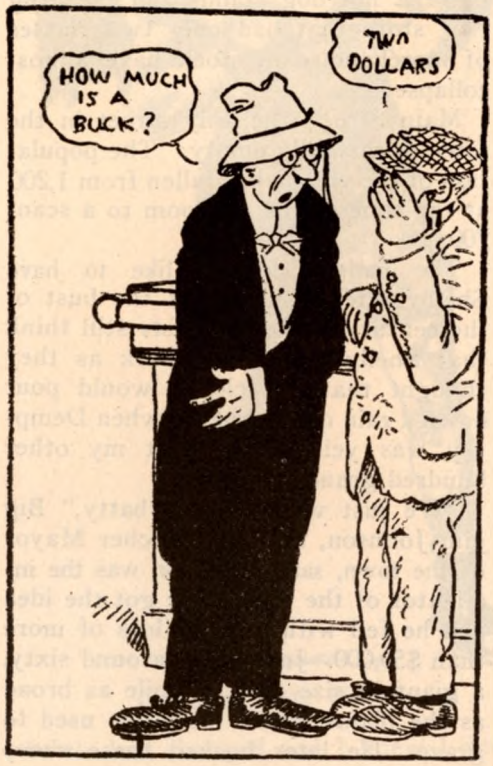
He slept on the thing that night and in the morning had an earful for our friend, A. Johnson.

At 10 o'clock Artha was stripped ready for the four rounds of abuse. Sam moseyed out of a side room, gave Artha the up and down, and then eased up closer.

He spoke: "Artha," said Sam, "I'm willing to give you all the work you need. I'll box with you and make you clever. You'll be in good shape if you listen to me. After this, when we box, I'LL DO THE LEADING; you do the BLOCKING. That's the BEST practice they is."

How Much Is a Buck?

REMEMBER the late Buffalo Costello, who fought Alec Greggains eighty rounds or so down at Coney Island many years ago? Well, poor old Buffalo went on the bum some



years later and was hardly more than a bar fly around Broadway.

He was one of the sights for the boys who go out occasionally to hit the high spots. He was pointed out as one of the greatest of the old fighters and Costello was all that.

One night in the good old days Costello was standing outside of a Broadway cafe when a fellow came along who remembered his face.

The boob wanted someone to drink with and shook the hand of the old warrior. They went inside, ordered a few tubs of suds, and the boob started:

"So you're Buffalo Costello, eh?" he piped. "Say, my father told me about you. He said the greatest fight he ever saw was the one between you and Alec Greggains down at Coney Island. I'll bet he's told the story of that fight fifty times to different people. I feel as though I saw it myself. And you're the same Costello, eh? Gee whiz! I wish father was here now."

Costello, who was as shy of money as a hen is of wisdom teeth, saw a chance to put the bee on the boob for some dough, and said softly: "Say, could you spare me a buck, old pal?"

The boob looked at Costello and asked: "How much is a buck?"

The latter turned his head to see who might be listening, eyed the joint up and down, and whispered "Two dollars."

He got it.

WILLIAM MULDOON

(Continued from page 8)

forced him to work before breakfast. Sullivan time and again balked and on a few occasions came near kicking over the traces, but having tackled the job Muldoon resolved to go through with it.

IF Sullivan refused to rise or work, or if John L., after a hard day's work, made a move toward the town bar Muldoon always brought out the ever ready baseball bat. "I am the boss and you promised to obey me," Muldoon told Sullivan. "You'll do as I say or you'll take the consequences." Often Sullivan demurred and they engaged in a wrestling bout out of which "Bill" invariably emerged the victor.

Muldoon persisted and finally brought Sullivan to Richburg, Miss., for the fight in perfect condition. Once Champion Sullivan decided that Muldoon was too hard a boss for him and they parted. Three years later Sullivan again was fat and on the ragged edge, and this time he had no Muldoon to save him. He was knocked out by the clever Jim Corbett.

Muldoon was born at Belfast, N. Y., on May 25, 1845. That was before the Gold Rush to California, before the Civil War, before the nation began to expand in every way.

When the Civil War came Muldoon

(Continued on page 33)

Shelby Only a Shell, Living on Its Dempsey-Gibbons Memories

Montana Cow Town Which Paid the Piper for Its Expensive Fling in Pugilism, Stands a Dismal Wreck

By PAUL R. MALLON

(By Courtesy of the United Press)

THIS is the story of a little town that suffered from too much ambition. Shelby, Mont., the picturesque little cow town that stepped out in front of the world two years ago to stage a world's heavyweight championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Tom Gibbons, has dropped back into obscurity, battered—but not beaten. The shoe string that a game three-man Chamber of Commerce tried to turn into a million was wrapped around the bag that held unpaid bills for almost a quarter of a million dollars.

Shelby once basked in the light of international publicity that a corps of trained big city newspapermen flashed all over the globe, but she sits out there alone in the Montana plains now, with only an occasional paragraph telling the neighbors that "Slim Jones is sinking another well."

Gone are the big saloons with the games in the back room and the red cheeks and the red slippers of the Main Street belles showing above and below the swinging doors.

GONE are the big wooden dance halls—"The Green Light," "The Dirty Cat," "The Cross-Bar Corral," and "The Days of '49" where the girls didn't object when a booted foot crushed down on a dancing foot or when a spur dug into a tender ankle. Gone is all the cowboy glamour and the bally-hoo of the rodeo owners who tried to get cowboys to pay to see a puncher "ride 'em."

The wooden Indian in front of the Rainbow Hotel—the only brick building in the town and the only one that had a room with bath—looks down the dusty street of a wan village. He sees half the structures in the town deserted. The emergency post office, built to handle more mail than the regular force could carry from the trains, is now safe to enter.

Rocks have been thrown through most of the windows in the town. Birds have built their nests under the eaves of "The Days of '49," where the real old-time Western stuff flourished before the Revenue men came along and took down the sign which told all newcomers that "Everything Goes Here." The rooms upstairs in the back are filled with dirt and trash.

The district "across the tracks," where an attempt was made to combine the tenderloin of New York and the big joint of Nome is abandoned. Shelby natives won't live there because of the reputation it has inherited. Kids play in the deserted lobby of the Waldorf Hotel where the clerk paid no attention to the register. The windows are all broken in the Biltmore, where house detectives gave patrons a telephone number or hustled a quart if the patron wanted amusement. Their names over the door are all that remain to remind them of their good old days.

THE hot-dog stands and the drug store that had only two classes of merchandise in stock have almost collapsed.

Main Street, the only street in the town, is virtually empty. The population of the village has fallen from 1,200 at the time of the oil boom to a scant 700.

The natives do not like to have Shelby referred today as the bust of the century. The optimists still think that Shelby will come back as they thought that the clouds would pour down a rain of gold backs when Dempsey was yelling—"I want my other hundred grand."

"We just went a little batty," Big Jim Johnson, the cow-puncher Mayor of the town, said. Johnson was the instigator of the fight. He got the idea and he fell with it for a loss of more than $50,000. Johnson is around sixty, a giant in size with a smile as broad as the plains where his sheep used to graze. He later hocked these sheep to pay his bills. Despite his losses he hasn't a gray hair in his head.

"WE got all worked up over the oil boom which was on then," Johnson said. "Everybody was talking in millions instead of dollars. Everything was on the good. Wells were popping and money was pouring in. Real estate was jumping a dollar a foot every time it turned over. We had a good town and it wasn't the fight that hurt us. The oil didn't come as fast as we expected.

"Two banks went on the rocks," he said, "but I've opened mine again and they aren't afraid to leave their dough in over night. We'll come out of it alright. Things are picking up now. I got in a couple of wells lately that made up for the money I lost on the fight. I'm proud of what we did and, damn it, if I had a chance I'd do it all over again."

Tom Costello, who runs the Rainbow Hotel, and who always kept the keys in the pocket of a coat he couldn't find, has been operating at a loss for two years. Every other hotel has been forced to the wall. The big arena that was built at the cost of $80,000 was torn down and the lumber was sold for $7,000.

Not a toothpick remains to mark the spot where Gibbons went fifteen rounds with the champion. The Gibbons training camp has disappeared, and "The Babe's Joint" where the newspapermen used to gather and sip Canadian ale under the sun, has fallen to pieces.

THE electric light plant that was built for a town of 50,000 has been dismantled. The oil lamps are back in most of the huts.

The leading citizens are still proud of the town. The O'Neil boys, Tip and Johnny, of the California Pete O'Neils, still are prospecting around the Kevan oil fields and making plenty of money. They gave $20,000 a piece to save the Shelby fight so that their great friend Gibbons could have a chance at the title.

Tom Kelly, the jailer; L. A. Murrill, owner of what is called the department store, and the lone negro, who still shines a shoe now and then and makes mysterious trips at night in the direction of Canada, still are around saying that business is good and will be better.

Shelby's past is forgotten here. The natives don't like to talk about it. They still have a hang-over from the prosperous days and they still make trips to the cellar with the hope that an oil well will pop up and slap them in the face.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

My Hardest Fight

By EDDIE (Cannonball) MARTIN

(Former World's Bantamweight Champion) Copyright 1925. All Rights Reserved.

DID you ever hear of a kid named Joe Ryder? I shouldn't call him a kid because I'm only a youngster myself.

Ryder is a countryman of mine. We come from the good, old Italian stock. Incidentally Joe lives only a stone's throw from me in Brooklyn. We were never pals, in fact, I didn't know him until we clashed at the Broadway Sporting Club, situated near where we resided, on a hot May night in 1923.

That's as good an introduction as I can think of to answer the oft-asked question concerning the man who gave me my hardest fight either before or after I dethroned Abie Goldstein.

Charley (Phil) Rosenberg made me step at my fastest gait in every one of four battles, the last one taking place on March 20 when I lost my title to him, and Goldstein battered me around a bit before I made him come down to my size, but as long as I live I shall never forget the thumping I received at the hands of Ryder in that bang-up scrap of ours.

BECAUSE I had not reached my majority, six rounds was all the New York State Athletic Commission would allow me to box. Fair enough. Can't tell what might have happened had it been scheduled for ten or fifteen.

Suffice to say, I got the shellacing of my young life in those torrid six. Ryder scaled 116 and I was one pound heavier. The battle was on. Right off the reel Joe socked me a wicked left hook to the body which shook my frame from my toes to the top of my head. I thought I saw the end of the world coming.

I could see the crowd standing on the chairs yelling madly, so terrific was the onslaught on both sides. I whacked his body with terrific blows but the harder I hit him the more he came back at me shooting in punches to the head and mouth.

In the third round I opened a gash over his right eye from which blood flowed profusely. That didn't make him step back and he fought back furiously. Time and again we stepped in close and swapped punches until I, for one, thought my arms would fall off.

VICTORY was sitting on my lap when I returned to my corner. I thought I had the thing cinched, but I was very much in the wrong. Starting the fourth, Joe unloosened another barrage and before I could gather my wits he was pummelling me all over the place. His followers were betting that I would be flattened. I could hear Mel Cooke howling "Keep your hands up; box him, box him!" but his words fell on dead ears because I had all I could do to ward off his fresh assaults.

I was desperate. The tide of the

Cannonball Eddie Martin

battle had changed and I knew I was in for a rough evening. I let one go off the floor and it landed on his jaw. For a second he shook but he had so much heart that he tore in right after me forcing me to cover up and block as best I could.

"Keep away from him, box him, keep jumping around, he's made to order for you," pleaded, cautioned and encouraged Cooke as I sat waiting for the fifth to start.

My plans, or at least Mel's, went awry the second we squared off again. A left hook delivered in short ripped a cut over my left eye and the blood began to flow in my optic. It flowed like water. I forgot about the cut because I had much at stake and chased Ryder, punishing him severely.

But Ryder refused to take a back step. He continued to pile in driving in ripping rights under the heart. And believe me, they hurt. I was on the anxious seat. But I could feel Ryder was tiring so I opened up a bombardment smacking him with short rights to the jaw. Apparently I didn't hit the right spot because the harder I hit him on the chin the madder he got.

WE were a sorry spectacle entering the sixth stanza. Both of us were covered with blood from head to foot. Some of the spectators wanted the bout stopped but the referee, who happened to know his business, knew that we weren't hurt and refused to take heed. He allowed us to continue.

You'd imagine that we were weak from so much loss of blood but apparently the sight of the gore-spurred us harder than ever. Right off we got in close and smashed each other about the face and body as fast as our little arms could work.

I hit him a terrific left hook to the body. The force of the blow almost lifted Joe off his feet. That was the spot to make him feel and be hurt but my discovery came too late. I started another left for the same spot but this time Joe danced out of danger. He retaliated with two rights to the jaw. I guess my chin is made of steel because they didn't feaze me.

THE last few seconds found us right in the middle of the ring trying to knock one another through the ropes. If I missed he'd sock me on the chin, and if he missed, I'd belt him in the body. It makes me shudder to think of the pasting I got that night. I shall never forget it.

And for our efforts we received the munificent sums of $65 and $75, respectively.

But somebody appreciated the terrific cannonading because right after the fight a representative of Tex Rickard rematched us for his New York Velodrome.

The fighting was just as terrific up there as it had been in Brooklyn, but I had the double satisfaction this time. I received the decision and $300 to boot, the largest sum of money I had ever gotten. That helped to heal all wounds.

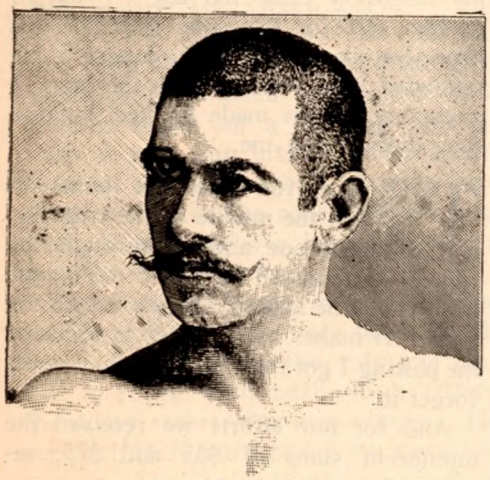
Last Bare-Knuckle Fight Under London Prize Ring Rules

By AL SPINK

(This Is the Eighth and Concluding Article in the Series, "Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman."—Copyright, 1925, by The Ring, Inc.—Reproduction Prohibited)

[*In seven previous articles Mr. Spink, dean of American boxing critics, told of the rise of American pugilism, of ruffianism and politics ruling the ring, and of the stirring incidents attending the great Sullivan-Ryan battle for the American heavyweight title. In the present chapter of Mr. Spink's reminiscences, this great sporting character describes the trip from St. Louis to Dixie to see the final bare-knuckle bout under London prize ring rules, in which the mighty "John L." beat Jake Kilrain.—Editor's Note.*]

IN the days of the bare-knuckle fighters, it was not so easy for one to attend a fight as it is now. All the comforts of today were unknown in the days of Tom Allen, Mike McCoole, Paddy Ryan, Jem Mace, John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain and a horde of other fistic celebrities of the "days that are gone forever." Going to a battleground in those days was equivalent to taking one's life in his hands. But there was the picturesqueness in evidence in those days which is missing today. Take for example, the types of fight fans who were on the train going from St. Louis to New



John L. Sullivan

Orleans for the "John L."-Kilrain bout.

When we left St. Louis to see this last bare-knuckle fight we were a merry crowd. Some of us had round-trip tickets from St. Louis to New Orleans, but there were others in our party who were clean as a Christmas turkey.

Three fellows in particular were without actual cash, but they had other resources which consisted of one keg of lager, one hamper of bourbon whiskey and ten boxes of cigars.

This trio included three members of the fighting Daly family of St. Louis—the first, Dan, the champion lightweight; the second, Charley, the champion feather, and the third, Johnny, the champion welterweight.

Scarcely had the train hit the lowland just below St. Louis when the Daly boys set up a bar on the rear seats of the smoker and started out selling beer, booze and cigars to all who would buy.

When the conductor came along for his tickets he was treated to the best cigar there was in stock and to a glass of bourbon.

Then, after the match had been handed him, Dan whispered in the ear of the conductor that business was awfully brisk and that as soon as they had taken in money enough the conductor would get his. The conductor went away smacking his lips and puffing away at his cigar.

* * *

WE passed the swamp lands of Egypt at dusk that July night, and ran into the rolling prairies down Indiana way. It was near midnight when we pulled up at Evansville, the last big stop on Indiana soil before hitting the trail into old Tennessee.

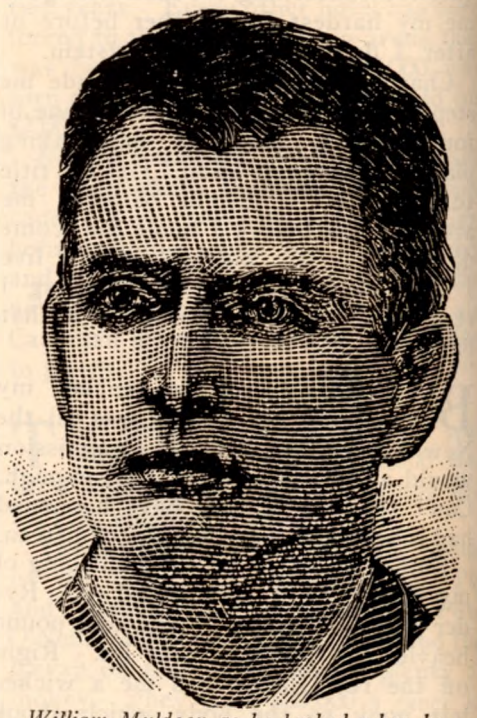
At this point the fighting Dalys carried three gentlemen off the train, deposited them gently on the platform trucks, safe in the arms of Morpheus and sleeping the peace of the just. They were three friends of the fighting Dalys, whose presence and service could be easily dispensed with. The Dalys, having loaded them to the guards and deposited them in a safe place, considered they had done their duty and let it go at that.

As the train pulled out of Evansville the forsaken ones still slept on unmindful of their fate.

But in one of the seats which they had occupied was installed Bill Cooper, Evansville's champion bantamweight and sole delegate from that city to the Sullivan-Kilrain convention.

Mr. Cooper was a loquacious youth. Dressed loudly and in shrill voice, he accosted the fighting Dalys, called each by name and referred to that day in old St. Louis when they had filled him to the guards with rare and welcome Budweiser.

Now Evansville's champion proposed to get even by filling the fighting Dalys, and after forming a trust of all the liquor they had left, he produced a letter from the only John L., which



William Muldoon as he looked when he trained John L. for his famous fight with Kilrain (From a Wood Cut)

was nothing more or less than a personal invitation to the Evansville champion to attend the big mill.

This letter Dan Daly confiscated, and when, just below Evansville, the conductor made his usual round and again held out his hand for either cash or tickets, Dan handed him the epistle from Sullivan and dwelt at length on its sacred contents.

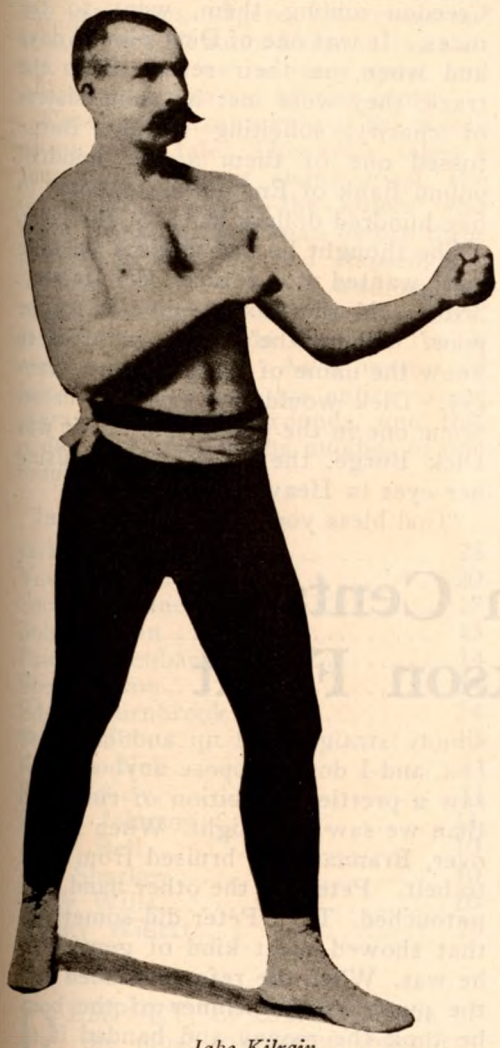
The conductor was himself an Evansvillian, and appeared delighted at the splendid tribute paid one of his fellow townies. So Dan let him carry the Sully invitation away as a souvenir of the auspicious occasion and promised him an addenda of some sort when the train and its illustrious passengers reached Jackson, somewhere

down in the swamp land of old Mississippi.

* * *

AT Jackson the Louisville and Nashville's cross-cut train, bringing the fight fans from Memphis and Louisville, hitched onto ours, and the fighting Dalys brought on a gripsack of Kentucky juice and a new stock of stogies.

Maje Hughes, the fighting chief of Louisville's fire department, was with this Kentucky delegation to the big fight. He was going all the way to



Jake Kilrain

Louisiana to act as Sully's bottle holder.

When Maje Hughes' bald head hit the smoker the fighting Dalys went into ecstasies.

In their eyes old Maje was the apotheosis of the entire fighting world. Maje had backed their Dan with his last dollar in many a fight, and Maje had been referee in fights which Dan had won and could never have lost with the Maje on that particular job.

Now the wee sma' hours had come, but the fighting Dalys and Maje and fight fans from here, there and everywhere stood around, bought booze and cigars and talked of battles that were gone and that were near at hand. The conductor called again, was introduced by the Dalys to Maje Hughes, and then went on as usual about his business.

And now night's candles were burned out and jocund day stood tiptoe on the eastern mountain tops.

And with the envious streaks and morning we came bowling into Mobile, in Alabama, where the crowd from Chicago, which had come down on the Jackson route, was waiting to join us in the big drive into the Crescent City.

* * *

THERE were great men with it, too, in the fighting world— "One-Eyed" Connolly for one, Jim Dalton for another, the Donovans, Jerry and Mike; the MacDonalds, the Hankinses, the Boyces, the Murphys, the Ryans, the Lomaxes, the Silers and the Tylers for others and all of them sworn friends of the fighting Dalys.

What another feast there was, and how rapidly the property of the fighting Dalys disappeared down the throats of these thirsty men from the Lake City, who had run out of liquid refreshment quite early in the night.

Down through the long lines of pine trees, through valleys of timber land, uphill and then down into the steaming swamps again, and then into the Crescent City over trestle and flat.

The big fight was to be held in New Orleans, after all? No, it wasn't. Whereaway then? No one knew.

How tired and thirsty we all were after that hot and dusty ride through the Southern swamp lands, with the July sun steaming through the car windows and burning us up. But New Orleans was just as hot, and we grew hotter when no one would tell us just where Sully and Jake were to fight.

* * *

LATE in the afternoon a tip went the rounds of the Crescent City. We were told that at midnight a big train would pull out of the Queen and Crescent depot which would take us to the fighting ground but no one knew just where it was going to be.

Even the fighting Dalys gave it all up as a bad job and quit our early train, their pockets filled with coin of the realm, and leaving nothing but their empty cigar boxes and empty bottles behind them.

And then came midnight and the fight train, loaded to the guards, creeping snaillike over the high trestles that cross Lake Ponchartrain and carry you from Louisiana once more into the lowland of Mississippi.

Oh, boy, what a night again! Not until daylight did that train make its first real stop. Then some one looked out and near the railway track saw a 24-foot ring pitched on a piece of pretty green turf.

Yes, this was Richburg, Miss., where on July 8, 1889, the last bare-knuckle fight under the London prize ring

Patrick F. Sheedy who managed John L.

rules, and in which John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain were the contestants, was fought. It lasted from daylight until afternoon, and John L. was declared the winner.

The fighting Dalys and good old Maje Hughes are gone, and so is John L. and nearly all the rest, but the story of the great fight will live on forever.

Has New Hair
Kotalko Did It

"I had been losing my hair gradually for a long time. At last I had become almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head.

"The small photograph is taken from a foot ball group and can be verified by any number of people who know just how I looked when bald. The larger photo shows my appearance after using three boxes of Kotalko."

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KOTALKO OFFICE, B-201 Station L, New York

Little Stories of Famous Fighters. No. IV

By ADRIAN LISTINA

IT will be remembered that when old Tham Langford was a young bear cat he and Jack Johnson met in a terrific 15-round set-to which neither of them will ever forget. So hot, in fact, was this bout that though Johnson towered high above Langford and outweighed him many pounds, he never would consent to give Sambo another chance.

In vain Langford trailed Jack everywhere offering every inducement for another go. All his efforts for a ring bout came to naught, and so Tham finally went scouting for Johnson, determined to thrash him at the first opportunity, in or out of the ring.

Finally, he ran Jack to cover one night and proposed that they settle the question of supremacy at once. "All right Sam," said Jack, apparently willing enough, "but jes you wait till ah hangs up mah coat, ah'll be right back," with which he vanished through a side door and Sam is still awaiting his return.

* * *

THOUGH John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought each other only twice they were really matched to meet many times. On the occasion of what was to have been a four-round return bout in Madison Square Garden, Mitchell, walking down Broadway on the day preceding the night of the proposed fight, suddenly came face to face with a red-haired, cross-eyed woman, and, turning suddenly about, ran as fast as his legs could carry him in the opposite direction; at the same time crying out:

"She's nailed me with her bad eye and I'm hoo-dooed sure!" cried the Englishman.

* * *

TOM SHARKEY, always high tempered, was an easy mark for the rooters when, on one occasion, he essayed to referee a bout.

"Quit squeezing your money so tight!" "Where did Jeffries hit you?" "Get out of that ring Sharkey, here comes Fitz!" "Where did you learn to referee, you big Harp," were some of the things they yelled at the marine. And while Sharkey was making a dive for the fan who had called him a Harp, another one yelled "Knock-kneed wharf rat" at him. The sailor was wild with rage and could scarcely control himself. The last straw came when a ringsider called him a Dutch A. P. A. This was too much for Tom, who yelled back: "You wouldn't dare call me that when this fight is over."

* * *

DICK BURGE, one time light and welterweight champion of England, who met men in the light, welter and heavyweight divisions, and who once declared that our own George Lavigne, the Saginaw Kid, was the toughest fighter he ever faced, was a prince of good fellows and generous to a fault with his money. Dick always kept an eye on the ponies and could often pick the winner with both eyes shut.

When, years ago, Dan Creedon, the Australian boxer, visited England, Burge showed him all the sights and literally showered money upon him. No one ever appealed in vain to the Englishman for assistance. On one occasion Burge, then living in London, paid a visit to Birmingham, his birthplace, and sparred with Dan for a week, but refused to take a penny in return for his services and made Creedon pocket it all.

One day, while filling the above mentioned sparring engagement in Birmingham, a crowd of sports, Burge and Creedon among them, went to the races. It was one of Dick's lucky days and when, on their return from the track, they were met by some sisters of charity, soliciting money, Burge tossed one of them a one hundred pound Bank of England note, equal to five hundred dollars in U. S. currency.

She thought he had made a mistake and wanted to return the money. "No," said the boxer, "give it to the poor." Then the sister wanted to know the name of the generous stranger. Dick would not give his name. Some one in the group told her it was Dick Burge, the fighter, and raising her eyes to Heaven she said:

"God bless you, whoever you are!"

Paid Only Ten Cents to See Peter Jackson Fight

THE following story is told by Tim McGrath, the old trainer. Tim has seen them all from the bare knuckle days to the present time and knows the game from A to Z. His stories now appear exclusively in THE RING.

"I suppose if I asked the question, very few persons could tell me who Peter Jackson first boxed when he arrived in this country from Australia. So I won't take the time and space asking. The first man Peter boxed in America was Mike Brannan. The late W. W. Naughton, then a sporting writer on one of the San Francisco papers, arranged the match, which was staged at the old Cremorne Theatre.

"It wasn't originally intended to be a regular fight. Peter and Brannan agreed to box with powdered gloves, Peter with lampblack on his gloves and Brannan with whitewash on his, so it would show on Peter's black skin where the blows landed.

"Brannan, though, was a very tough fellow, a slugger, and when the bell sounded he forgot that the match was 'for points' and tore into Peter. Peter, tall and splendidly muscled, simply straightened up and began to box, and I don't suppose anybody ever saw a prettier exhibition of ring skill than we saw that night. When it was over, Brannan was bruised from head to belt. Peter, on the other hand, was untouched. Then Peter did something that showed what kind of gentleman he was. When the referee handed him the purse as the winner of the bout he took the money and handed it to Brannan

"'Take that, Mike,' he said, 'you are a good, game fellow, and I have more chance to earn money in the boxing game than you have.'

"Mike took the money and became the life-long friend of the man who had just given him a beating.

"I saw that bout, or fight, rather, for that is what it was, and all I paid to see it was ten cents."

MENTION THE RING

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More About the Sluggers

By JACK KOFOED

A MORE or less statistical story on the knockout stars appeared in a recent issue of THE RING. Its limitations did not permit of too exhaustive a study, so this is written more or less to supplement it.

The slugger—the man with the punch—has always been the hero of the fistic fans. Speed, cleverness and strategy are all subordinate to the wallop. This is true in every sport and is not confined to the fighting game.

Knockout percentage was the theme of my other tale. This story takes a somewhat different slant. First, the one-round finishers—the killers who could bump off their man before three minutes of fighting had elapsed.

There follows a list of leading one-round knockerouts of recent years. Jack Dempsey leads the field by a wide, wide margin. As a matter of fact, his bouts over his entire career averaged only four rounds, and this is due to his enormous number of one round knockouts.

Jack Dempsey	25
Young Otto	20
George Chaney	17
Bob Martin	15
Paul Berlenbach	14
Fred Fulton	14
Eddie Burnbrook	14
Tom Gibbons	13
Frankie Neil	11
Kid McCoy	11
Floyd Johnson	11
Ansel Bell	10
Tom Sharkey	10
Harry Wills	10
Johnny Willetts	10

DEMPSEY, of course, is one of the most murderous punchers the game ever saw. It may be that he cannot hit a harder single blow than John L. Sullivan could in his prime or even harder than Bob Fitzsimmons or Jim Jeffries. Belief that he can is only a matter of opinion. We cannot turn back the pages of time to match them.

Had Sullivan fought his earlier battles under present conditions he might have compiled a larger number of one round knockouts than his record shows.

Young Otto was probably the hardest hitting lightweight of his time. He toppled them over left and right, and punched so hard that he stopped more than one man with a left jab to the face. I saw him knock out a chap whose glove was between his face and Otto's fist. But the New York lightweight was not the gamest fellow in the world. He could not "take" it when the going was rough.

Of the modern lightweights George Chaney ranks at the top in savagery of hitting and the ability to put over a wallop in the very first round. Chaney, for a long time depended almost entirely on his left hand, but when the opposition guarded strongly against it the Baltimore southpaw learned how to cut down the guard with his right.

SPEAKING of left handers who come within the scope of one-round knockersout the California bantam, Frankie Neil, should not be forgotten. Neil was entirely a one hand fighter, but he was so good with the single fist that he dominated the Westerners in his class for many a long day.

Paul Berlenbach, the present king of the heavy hitting big fellows, has scored fourteen one-round knockouts in his short career, and may, very conceivably replace Dempsey at the head of this division within a short time. Paul, like Neil and Chaney, has his heaviest explosive concealed in his left, and his bitter southpaw belts to the body have crumpled up a vast number of men.

Johnny Willetts was another left hander who dropped numerous foes in the opening canto. Johnny's fame—which was almost entirely local in Philadelphia—has been almost entirely obscured by the mist of time. He was busy as a bee, this Willetts, on many occasions fighting twice in different clubs on the same night. Being one of those rough, battering chaps, who had little defense, Johnny's career was not a very long one.

Harry Wills, who has been seeking a match with Jack Dempsey these many moons, comes into the one-round division because he has had the opportunity of fighting numerous palookas and set-ups. The good ones would not risk their reputations in the same ring with the big black, and Harry had to take on anyone who was available.

Tom Gibbons has been looked on as a more or less defensive type of fighter, but the St. Paul man can punch, too. He scored a long string of consecutive knockouts, many of them in the first round until he met Bartley Madden, who succeeded in sticking around to the finish. Gibbons does his finishing with his right.

TOM SHARKEY, the sawed-off, powerful sailor, was a recognized slugger in his day. Barring Fitzsimmons, Sharkey was admitted by Jim Jeffries to be the hardest puncher he ever met.

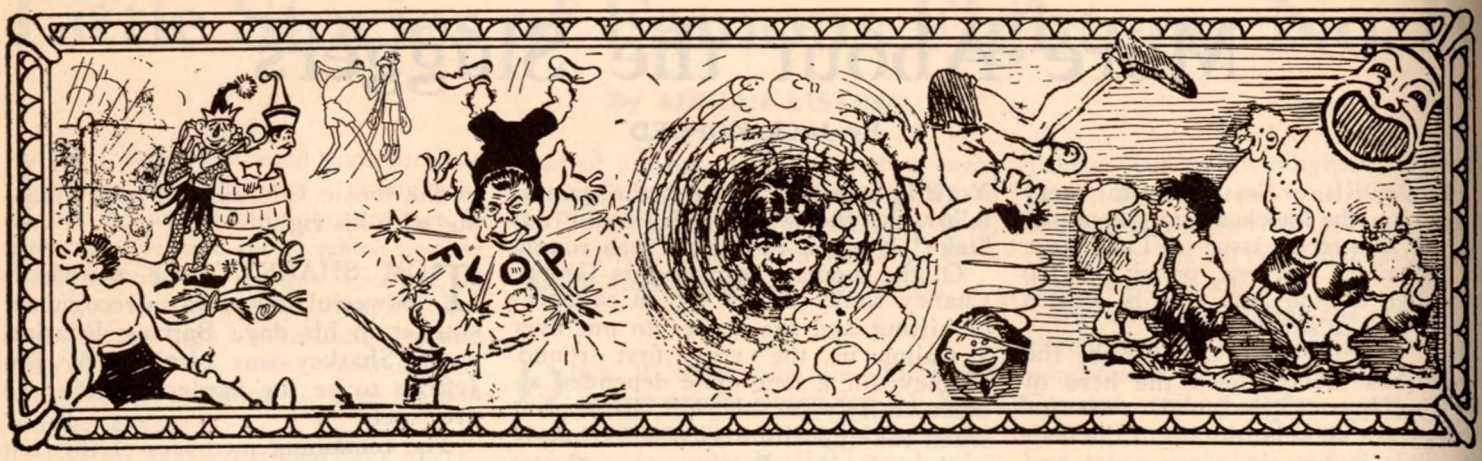
The remaining members of this list of one-rounders are not particularly prominent. Eddie Burnbrook, the former Army welterweight champion, was extremely successful at the start of his professional career, but simmered off into mediocrity. Fred Fulton was a championship prospect for awhile because of his wonderful development and great left hand, but his slowness and lack of courage soon relegated him to the rear.

Bob Martin won the A. E. F. heavyweight championship and was a good trial-horse for quite a while. Floyd Johnson's unquenchable courage and aggressiveness carried him along, but he slipped back eventually and is now out of the running. Ansel Bell did very well among the little men and even better in Australia, but there are several miles of rough roads between him and a title.

The matter of consecutive knockouts is also an interesting matter. In this respect Tom Gibbons and Stanley Ketchel are the leaders. Gibbons' record was set at the expense of numerous palookas after he was a well established figure in the fighting game. Ketchel, on the other hand, took them as they came, tough or easy.

Jack Dempsey, Paul Berlenbach and Aurelia Herrera are the only fighters in the list to assemble two strings of better than ten straight.

	Consecutive Knockouts
Tom Gibbons	21
Stanley Ketchel	21
Packey McFarland	18
Eddie Burnbrook	17
Abe Attell	16
Jack Dempsey	15
Clonie Tait	13
Paul Berlenbach	13
Aurelia Herrera	12
George Chaney	12
Bobby Barrett	12
John L. Sullivan	11
Arelia Herrera	11
Jack Dempsey	10
Paul Berlenbach	10
Al Kubiak	10
Chick Suggs	10



The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

These actual ring incidents are contributed by our readers.—Copyright, 1925. Reproduction prohibited.

Then Dad Knew One Jones Who Could Fight!

A FEW years ago in Macon, Ga. there were three Jones brothers who were following the manly art and all three of these brothers were placed on the card one night, as preliminaries to the main go in which Young Stribling was the feature.

The first Jones boy experienced an off night and lost the decision, while the second went down in ignominious defeat. The semi-final came on and the third Jones boy, who was the best of the three, was administered a terrific lacing.

"It's a bad night for the Jones family," some fan in the ringside remarked.

An old gentleman on the first row whose sympathy for the Jones trio had been most marked by occasional groans and a continuous sphele of rooting, turned and touched the fan on the shoulder.

"It may be a bad night for the Jones family, young fellow," he remarked. "But I know one Jones who CAN fight."

The old man was the father of the boys.

MILTON K. WALLACE.
Macon, Ga.

* * * * *

He Knew Something Was Wrong

I SECONDED a heavyweight, Battling Dungay, against Kid Norfolk not long ago in Baltimore and the Battler was holding his own for three rounds in which time Norfolk had not used his right more than twice. This had all hands and the Battler guessing, as the Kid was never seen to do this. During the minute rest before the fourth, the Battler swore there must be something wrong with the Kid's right, and now was his chance. Hence, he decided to open his heavy guns on the Kid and save the trouble of answering the gong for 15 rounds. His manager and seconds figured the same.

The fourth round had hardly gone 10 seconds before the Kid's right was banging away at Dungay's stomach and what a surprise he got. Right away Dungay saw the tide changing. Just as Norfolk had forced Dungay in his corner bleeding, puffing and hanging on for life, the Battler slipped us a word. "Don't let him kill me. Throw in something." But his manager just held up his hand as if everything was O. K.

Tears were coming in the Battler's eyes, but he kept on trying with what steam he had left and had just missed Norfolk with a jab when bang went a right on the jaw and down and out went the Battler. When the battle had cooled off and the fans were on their way home, the Battler kept saying, "I show thought 'twas something the matter wid dat right."

BILL SAUNDERS.
Brooklyn Navy Yard.

* * * * *

When McGovern Met Defeat

TERRY McGOVERN and Young Corbett met on Christmas Day in Hartford, Conn. It was McGovern's custom to keep his opponents waiting for about half an hour for him to enter the ring. By the time McGovern came out of his dressing room, his opponent was in a very nervous condition. He had been sitting in his chair waiting for the champion to appear. His thoughts had naturally turned the coming bout over many times. It would take a man of very superior brain and great control of nerves to keep from worrying under these conditions.

When Corbett found that McGovern was working this trick on him, he immediately left the ring and going to the door of McGovern's dressing room, threw it open in no gentle manner, demanding that he come into the ring at once. The language he used was not the parlor variety. It made McGovern's blood boil and got him so far up in the air that he never returned till after he had "come to" and the lights were turned on again.

OWEN DORAN.
Windsor, N. S., Canada.

* * * * *

Sam Didn't Care to Wait

SOME time ago, when Sam Langford was at his best, he was induced to go to a small city in Massachusetts to engage in a six round bout with a local product, who happened to be a waiter. The promoter, knowing Sam's ability, pleaded with him to let the waiter stay the limit and Sam agreed to give the crowd a run for its money.

The waiter was tipped off before the bout that Sam would pull his punches and he proceeded to make a name for himself at Sam's expense.

In the first two rounds the waiter peppered Sam and angered the negro, who was pulling his blows.

When the gong sounded for the third round Sam bounded out of his corner with business in his eyes. He held out his hands to shake with the waiter, and the latter, thinking that Sam had been misinformed to the number of rounds, said:

"What's the matter, Sam? This isn't the last round."

"There ain't goin' to be no last round," replied Sam. "This here thing has done gone far enough," and with that he let loose a terrific left to the waiter's bread basket and a right to the jaw, and the waiter took a long, deep sleep.

H. C. HENRY.
Minneapolis.

This advertisement is in answer to the average person who says:

"Oh, your course is all right for some people, but not for me.

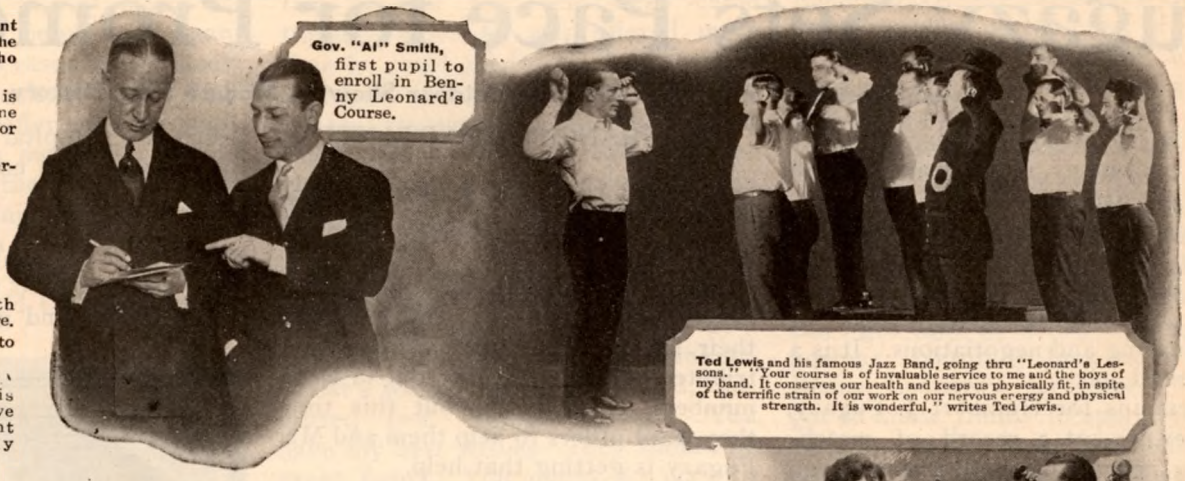
"I am not interested in big muscles.

"I do indoor work and do not require strength.

"I am too busy to bother with physical culture.

"I haven't time to go to a gym.

"I can't spare the money for this purpose; I have more important things to buy first."



Gov. "Al" Smith, first pupil to enroll in Benny Leonard's Course.

Ted Lewis and his famous Jazz Band, going thru "Leonard's Lessons." "Your course is of invaluable service to me and the boys of my band. It conserves our health and keeps us physically fit, in spite of the terrific strain of our work on our nervous energy and physical strength. It is wonderful," writes Ted Lewis.

Dorothy Knapp, Follies star and winner of 1st All-American Beauty prize in 1923, says: "I want to let you know how wonderful I have found your course of home physical culture training, in keeping me in splendid health and condition all the time, and in developing and maintaining the lines of my body."

Governor Smith Keeps Fit with Benny Leonard's Course

and so do folks in every walk of life

NEXT to President Coolidge, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York is the busiest man in American life. He has enrolled in the Benny Leonard Course for Promoting Physical Fitness. He hasn't the time to go to gymnasiums. So he devotes fifteen minutes every morning to following Leonard's instructions. And he receives many other important pointers thru the Course on how to care for his most important possession, his body.

Governor Smith's enrollment points out this moral to every man, woman and child: Stop neglecting your body. There's no such thing as being too busy to give it the needed and proper exercise and care. That is the first and most important task in life. If you would make good in your job, your first requisite is good health. **Guard it—promote it.** A clean, sound body means a keen, clear head. It gives you vigor—ambition—and the punch necessary to forge ahead. And above all, it gives you the **Enjoyment of Life,** the greatest and only thing to live for, after all.

And to show you that the Benny Leonard Course is for every type of person, from the poorest, lowliest laborer up to the biggest of men, regardless of occupation, income, age, sex, or position in life, consider the fact that the enrollments have come in from truck-drivers, ministers, bond salesmen, lawyers, doctors, governors, actors, housewives, band leaders, ball-players, bookkeepers, writers, farmhands, day laborers, boxers, stenographers, college-students, and practically every conceivable kind of human being over 16 years of age. The photographs on this page hint of a few of the various types numbered among the Benny Leonard pupils.

The answer then, is exactly this: Start the physical culture life today. Start it with Benny Leonard, the physical marvel of the age, the man who has discovered new ways of transforming weaklings into giants of physical vigor (he furnished his own frail body with the stamina and punch that has made him the "greatest lightweight champion the world has ever known"). You can pay out of your income, if you wish—just a little every week. You'll never miss it. One week's sickness will cost you more than the entire course, including lessons, home gym apparatus and all personal instructions of Benny Leonard himself. Don't put it off—send coupon at once for free booklet "Now I Can Tell You," that tells you all about it. No obligation whatsoever to get this booklet. It's full of pictures and interesting facts you never before knew. It's **free**—send for it **right now**—this minute.

SEND THIS COUPON for free booklet "Now I Can Tell You"—written by Benny Leonard and filled with human interest pictures and facts. A worthy addition to your library. FREE, mind you. Mail this NOW.

BENNY LEONARD,
123 West 31st St. (Dept. 10H), New York, N. Y.

Sounds to me that your booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You," must contain some mighty interesting reading matter. Will you please send me a copy? I enclose 10c (either stamps or coin) to help cover costs of getting this book out and sending it. There's no obligation.

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HOME COURSE OF MUSCLE AND BODY BUILDING

123 WEST 31st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Fugazy Sets Pace for Promoters

Italian Hospital Fund Bouts Greatest Outdoor Show in Modern Ring History

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

ROME was not built in a day. It took many, many years to build the Eternal City.

Arranging topnotch boxing shows, especially those held in outdoor arenas where the capacity runs anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000, takes weeks of manoeuvring and negotiations. It is a man's sized job.

It remains for Humbert J. Fugazy, however, to set a record of match-making accomplishment that will go down in ring history as the greatest ever known.

The intrepid new promoter in New

Humbert J. Fugazy

York State has gone Tex Rickard one better in gathering a program of glittering stars in aid of the Italian Hospital Fund, which tops any card ever staged since the inception of the Walker law.

In the space of two short weeks Fugazy, who was a mere novice in the promotion field, signed three of the most famous gladiators in modern fistiana. In addition to Harry Wills and Charley Weinert, he created a stir by contracting Harry Greb to defend his middleweight laurels against Mickey Walker, peer of the welters.

Fugazy will serve the fans at the Polo Grounds on July 2 with a million dollars' worth of talent, literally speaking.

This is the first time the Italians have asked outside help for a cause nearest their hearts. They have always contributed liberally, turning out in large numbers at all fights, but this time they want others to help them and Mr. Fugazy is getting that help.

THANKS to the painstaking efforts of Fugazy and his co-workers, Senator James J. Walker, A. A. Bertini and William Long, the initial Italian event will not only go over the top competitively and financially, but will outshine Anne Morgan's Devastated France, Milk, Irish Relief, Jewish Hospital and American Legion charities in every particular. The "gate" will exceed by thousands of dollars the net receipts of the French and Jewish bouts put together.

The Italian Hospital, situated at Eighty-third street and the East River, New York City, which is non-sectarian, will be enabled to continue its humanitarian endeavors from the profits of the recent gigantic entertainment.

There was anxiety interwoven in the conception of the worthy cause. The hospital was in dire straits. Dr. Carlo Savini, an attending surgeon, invited Bertini to lunch. "We must put our shoulders to the wheel and find ways and means to secure funds," pleaded the physician. Bertini recalls that it was purely an accident he suggested a boxing show.

The remainder of the story reads

Bertini was born and raised with Fugazy in the hotbed of fisticuffs on the lower West Side. Fugazy fought with some measure of success under the nom de guerre of Jack Lee. Bertini has been a red hot fight enthusiast since his boyhood days. As a matter of fact the only relaxation he gets from laborious and tedious legal "affrays" is to sit in and watch the gladiators exchange polthogues.

It dawned on Bertini's mind that the man best adapted to bring his idea to a realization was his lifelong pal. He broached the subject to Fugazy. Would he care to tackle it? Fugazy leaped at the opportunity, knowing full well that he could make good. Before accepting he exacted a promise from the hospital authorities that there would be no outside interference.

REALIZING that the task before him required unlimited courage, much capital and gobs of diplomacy,

Senator James J. Walker

Fugazy rolled up his sleeves as if making ready for ring combat. His friendship with Senators Walker and Long stood him in good stead in the preliminary details.

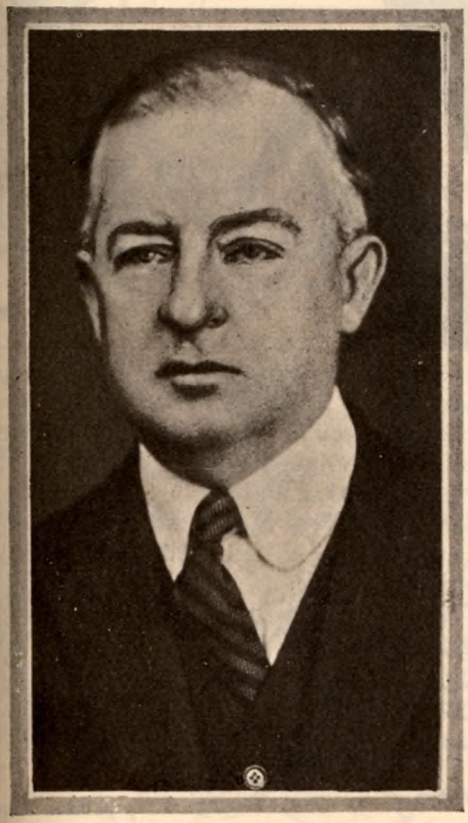
The first thing he did was to obtain the Polo Grounds, and he had to guarantee Charles Stoneham & Co. 10 per cent. of the gross, in addition to depositing $10,000 cash. If the "gate" amounted to $500,000, $50,000 was to go to the Polo Grounds A. C. for the use of the park. This was to include the policing, ushers, ticket sellers, lighting, seats, etc. While he was about it Fugazy grabbed off June 19 for the contest, but had to postpone the affair until July owing to an injury to Walker's finger. Stoneham's Tunney-Gibbons bout was sandwiched in between the Milk and Italian Hospital shows.

A site obtained, Fugazy's next task was to get the best boxers obtainable.

He promised the public he would gather a card the like of which had never been offered before, and many a hearty laugh was eased up the sleeve of veteran matchmakers.

"He'll have to proffer each big pugilistic gun so much money in advance that he'll need the United States Treasury to pay 'em," was the opinion of these wise gents.

Believing that boxers, like other good citizens, would take a chance in



William Nong

the cause of charity, Fugazy, through the magic of his personality, without so much as giving one of the fighters a penny in advance, obtained the signed contracts of Wills and Weinert.

"Great bout, but he'll have to back it up pretty solidly to make the boys shell out," was the next comment.

ALL the time Fugazy was sitting pretty in his big armchair on the forty-fourth floor of the Woolworth Building.

"How does Greb vs. Walker sound?" Fugazy asked us.

"Wonderful, but how are you going to get it?" was our retort. "Mickey is under suspension and the chances are Greb will not risk his crown against the socking toy bulldog."

"I'll make that match or die in the attempt," promised Fugazy.

Sure enough a few days later he clinched it! Walker was made to see the light by accepting Dave Shade's challenge, thus automatically lifting the ban on him, and Greb came through when he was offered more than he could get for his "end" in half a dozen engagements. Rickard and lesser promotorial planets rubbed their eyes when they read the announcement in the newspapers. In another twenty-four hours Fugazy completed the card.

Rickard congratulated Fugazy on his foresight and sagacity when they were introduced to one another at a luncheon of Wall Street bankers. "That's what I call a great card," admitted Tex. "Congratulations. You have my best wishes. They should be great fights. You ought to play to capacity."

"I'm glad you like it," was Fugazy's terse answer to Rickard's praise. As The Ring is rushing to press Humbert J. has not purchased a new chapeau for his conk, and his chest has not swelled. "Just a day's work," is his offhand deprecation of the feat of putting over a boxing classic that rival promoters can never hope to duplicate.

Fugazy first saw the light of day in 1885 at No. 152 Bleecker street. His father, Cavalier L. V. Fugazy, is eighty-five years young. He is one of the best known Italians in America. He landed in New York fifty-five years ago. He had many obstacles to surmount in his early career, but hard work helped him build a banking business in a colony of friends and countrymen that is a monument to his ability and integrity.

HUMBERT was educated in the public schools. He took to all forms of athletics like a duck takes to water. Physically he was built like a miniature Battling Nelson. He excelled in track and field competitions, but the sport he liked best was boxing. It was second nature to him. He had the kick of a mule in his right fist.

In spite of his father's entreaties to carve a business career the youngster resolved to take up fighting as a profession. He called himself Jack Lee. He developed into a lightweight. The weight for this division twenty years ago was 133 pounds ringside. They had to battle in private during Lee's short tenure, and three rounds was the accepted duration of a contest.

Among some of the tough ones he met was Kid Broad. He had a battle on his hands. Jack not only floored the Kid two or three times, but received the most applause from the spectators. That was equivalent to a decision.

It was not until five years back that Figazy spiked the name Jack Lee. He was not riding on the crest of success in the business world. He accumulated a fortune. He still had a warm spot in his heart for the fight racket.

Just to keep his finger in the pie, as it were, he became a manager. Jimmy Goodrich, who recently defeated Sammy Mandell on a foul in the semi-final round of the lightweight elimination tournament, is Jack's—we just can't get used to calling his Fugazy—portege. Naturally Jack picks him as Benny Leonard's successor. "You've got to know Jimmy to appreciate that he is one of the finest little fellows in boxing," is what he thinks of the Buffalo scrapper.

BETWEEN the time he hung up his gloves and started in search of a business career, Lee made a pugilistic discovery that is little known except among a small coterie of friends. He dug out Freddie Welsh in the Mills Hotel on Bleecker Street where he was working at odd jobs for his bed

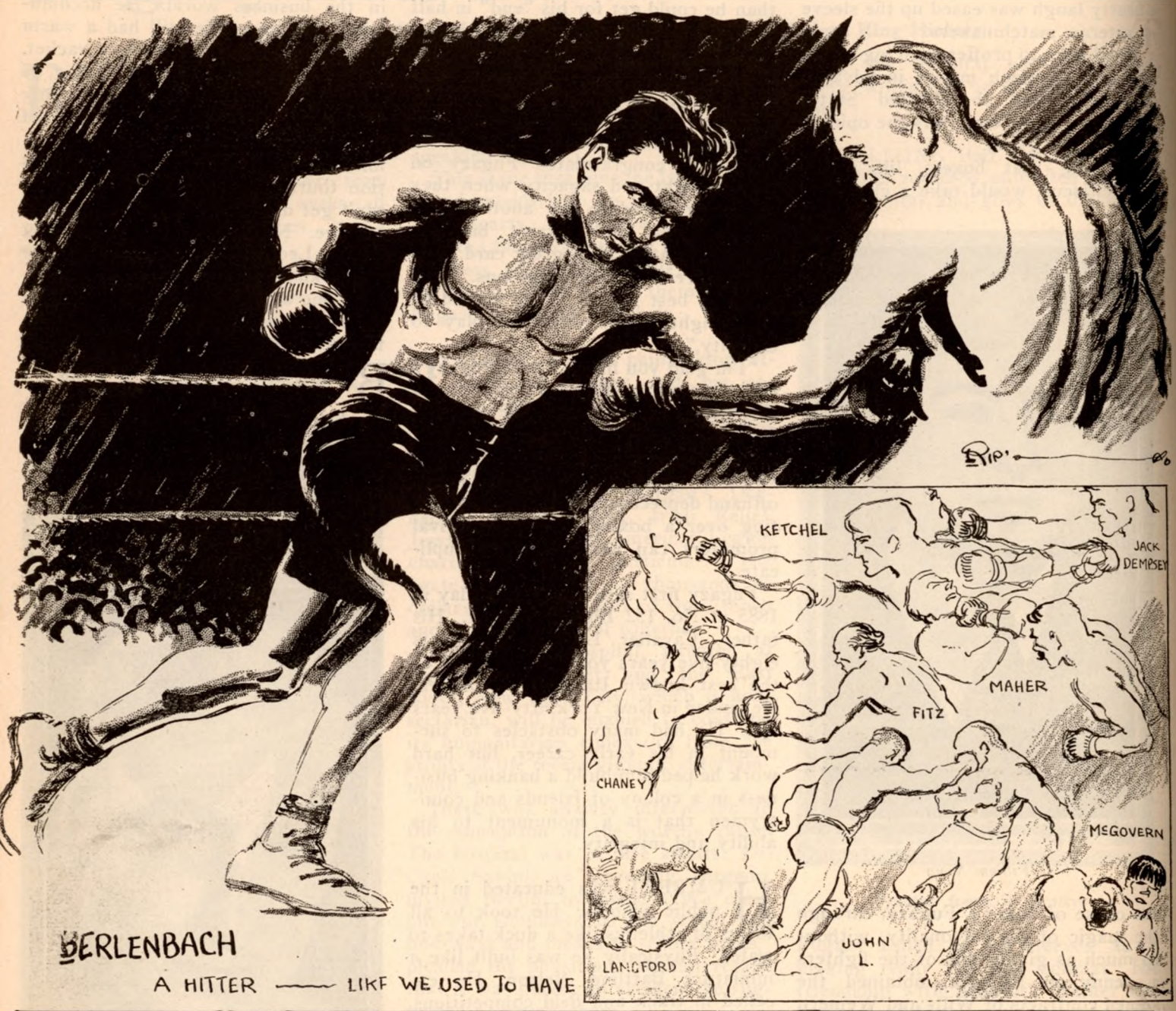
A. A. Bertini

and grub. He was then Frederick Thomas. The former lightweight king left his home in Wales, England, in quest of fame and fortune in these United States. A great friendship sprang up between them that will remain steadfast to their dying days.

(*Continued on page* 20)

The New World's Light-heavyweight Champion

By RIPLEY



Fugazy Sets Pace for Promoters

(*Continued from page* 19)

Lee secured a better position for the future lightweight champion and gave him $5.00 with which to go to Philadelphia.

Fred returned from his first few conquests in Philadelphia. "I want you as my manager," commanded the Briton. "I'll be a champion in a few years." Lee laughed it off.

Thomas changed his name to Welsh. He returned home, where he won the Lord Lonsdale belt and English lightweight title. The first stop he made upon his return here was at Lee's home. "I told you I'd make good," he declared. "You can still manage me." Lee again refused the honor, in addition to tossing off a young fortune of splitting a 33 1-3 per cent. of the champion's earnings. Jack always believed in earning his own.

Senator Walker contributed his share toward making the affair the success it turned out to be. He worked behind the throne. "The Italians the length and breadth of the land are greatly indebted to the Senator for his untiring efforts in behalf of their worthy cause," was the compliment paid the father of the New York State boxing law by Fugazy. "Every little thing in need of expert counselling was taken to Jimmy and he handled all intricate matters in a manner that made us feel the proposition was going over with a bang."

When the executive committee was organized Bertini was selected to act as treasurer. He was forced to hire a staff to assist him check up reservations and distribute the 110,000 tickets. He practically threw his law practice to one side in his desire to do his bit for charity. He feels none the worse for his trying days and nights devoted almost exclusively to the hundred and odd details in connection with the monster undertaking.

Another indefatigable worker was Billy Long. He had previous experience, for during the Horton and Frawley law days he was interested in the Marlborough Club on West Forty-fourth street and was one of the big

(*Continued on page* 21)

When Jack Root Stepped in

By TOM ANDREWS

THE entry of Jack Root, first world's champion in the light heavyweight class, into the promotion of boxing shows in Los Angeles, recalls an incident that happened in Milwaukee years ago, when Jack was at the height of his glory in the boxing world.

This is the way that Frank Cleveland, Milwaukee newspaper man tells the story:

"It was back in 1903 that I was sitting in a large, easy chair in front of the old Plankington Hotel on Grand Avenue, one summer evening about 7 o'clock when the street was pretty well deserted. Nearby was a young man, husky in appearance, with a genial smile, looking over the sporting page of a paper.

"I was puffing away at a cigar when along came a young woman about 20 years of age and pretty. I had noticed a young man standing a little bit away from us, dressed in the height of fashion and sporting a cane. He deliberately walked in front of the girl and stopped her and began talking. He tried to walk with her when the girl turned and told him he had evidently made a mistake, that she did not know him. The dandy would not be denied, however, and kept trying to stop the girl from proceeding on her way.

"Just as the dandy tried a second time to get the girl to walk with him, the husky youth arose quietly and walking over to where the couple stood, said: 'Say you young bird, you had better turn and go the other way. Don't be a cad. Can't you see the girl don't want to have anything to do with you?'

"The dandy turned to see who was addressing him and told the intruder to mind his own business. There was a flash of an arm going through the air and then a crash. It was a fist landing squarely on the fellow's jaw.

"Down he went into the gutter, completely knocked out. The husky young man merely stepped over to the girl and remarked: 'You can go ahead now Miss, I guess he won't bother you any more.'

"When the dandy came to, he looked around as if in a trance and saw his assailant sitting in his chair. A crowd gathered by this time and a newsboy stepping up, called out: 'Say Mister, don't you know that was Jack Root, the champion, who soaked you in the jaw?'

"The dandy person stood still for a few moments and just looked Root over from head to foot. He did not apologize or anything but as he walked away he remarked: 'No wonder that man is champion! He sure can hit an awful blow.'"

Fugazy a Real Promotor

(*Continued from page 20*)

guns that staged the Ketchel-O'Brien and Driscoll-Attell classics at the National A. C. on East Twenty-fourth street, where the Pioneer holds forth these days. He put on the famous Sandy Ferguson-Gus Ruhlin battle at the Marlborough. This was the first time he had taken a hand in boxing since the clamping down of the Frawley law.

Fugazy, Walker, Bertini and Long made a happy family.

U. S. Navy Encourages Boxing

By TOM STEVENS

Special Correspondent of THE RING *with the Asiatic Fleet at Hawaii*

La Haina, Hawaiian Islands.

THAT Uncle Sam has been paying particular attention to the uplifting of boxing in the United States Navy, was evident at the all-Navy championships held in Honolulu, when the greatest collection of service boxers that has ever displayed their wares before a public demonstrated that clean living and good fresh air developes the finest type of boxer.

In the past five years the Navy has produced such stars as Eddie Huffman, Howard Mayberry, Ritchie King, Jack Silver, "Honey Boy" Finegan, Nate Goldman, Sailor Maxted, Al Carpenter, Joe Fischer, Johnny Reno, Billy Vincent, and in the past decade men like Johnny Buff, Sammy Trinkle, Gunboat Smith and Tommy Teague have graced the hempen arenas of battleships.

The salt air of the Seven Seas combined with clean living, has been the greatest asset of the sailor mittman. Eddie Huffman, tabbed by Damon Runyon as the next world's heavyweight champion, has spent considerable time in California waters and is a perfect specimen of manhood.

How different is the tar of today compared with the sailor of yore. No longer does the band strike up with approach of a gob. Johnny Buff learned his A B C's under the wing of a Navy tutor, as did Howard Mayberry and Harry Gordon. All of the boxers referred to in this article have boxed in the top spot on several occasions

Jack gets an "earfull" from his old trainer, JIMMY DE FOREST, just before he went abroad in May.

Jack Dempsey

Writes His Old Trainer

JIMMY De FOREST

World's Greatest Trainer

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"Your boxing course by mail is just the thing for the young fellow who really wants to learn how to box. I have read many works on boxing, but yours has them all stopped. It not only is clear and concise, but it is the real thing and I'm glad to be able to recommend it.

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"As ever, your old pal,

Jack Dempsey
World's Heavyweight Champion

That's what the World's Champion thinks of my Boxing Course by Mail. And Jack ought to know. When I trained him for his fight with Willard back in 1919, which he won and which brought him the heavyweight crown, he claimed I was the "wisest and best trainer in the world." And now he says I am the one man to teach boxing by mail. That ought to be good enough for any lad who really wants to learn how to box.

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I can teach you more about boxing than any other living man. I'll teach you all that I taught Dempsey, Firpo, Joe Gans, Pal Moore and many other of the Champs whom I trained. I'll show you every trick, every bit of ring strategy. It's all in my marvelous course.

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You can finish my course of training in 20 weeks—and then you're ready to step in and get your share of the fat purses and easy money waiting for clever boxers. Twenty short weeks between you and the beginning of a successful ring career with Jimmy DeForest as your trainer.

I am looking for boys to train free. I'll buy their railroad ticket to my Long Branch Camp and train them at my own expense. Then Tex Rickard, greatest of all promoters, will stage them in bouts in his new Madison Square Garden in New York. Why don't YOU be one of these lucky lads?

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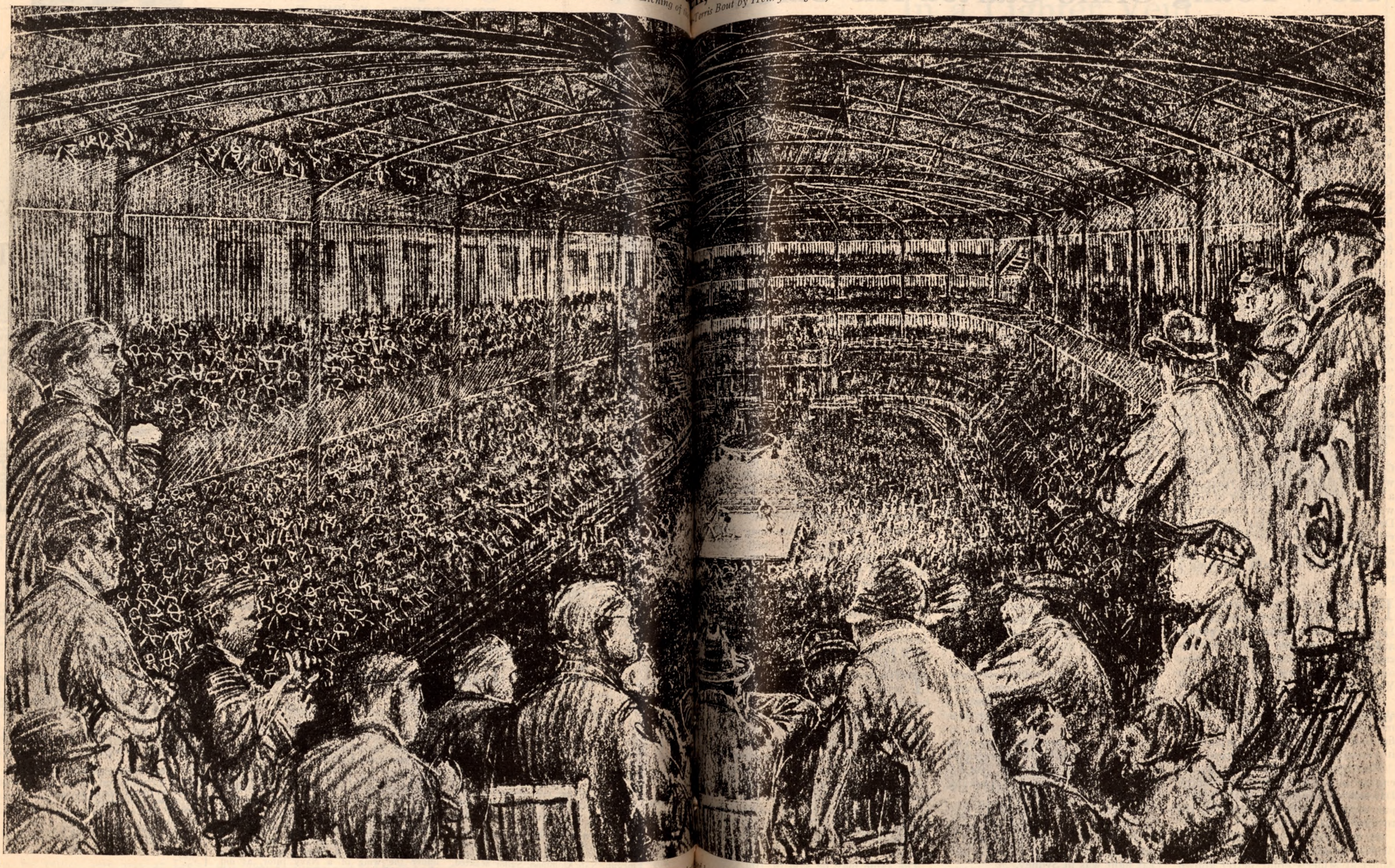
The Last Fight in Madison Square Garden, America's Most Famous Sport Arena

(A Ringside Etching of the Sid Terris Bout by Henry Ziegler)



TO JOHNNY DUNDEE went the distinction of engaging in the first bout by Tex Rickard in the Garden in New York and to Dundee went the honor of taking part in the last battle held in the famous old arena, on May 31st. first bout under the Rickard management Dundee had it out with Joe Welling, the Chicago lightweight, then regarded as a contender, as was Dundee himself. final appearance in the Garden Dundee was opposed by Sid Terris of New York. It was with keen regret that the old timers held their farewell reunion the historic amphitheatre,—once the scene of so many sporting events and now crumbling under the crowbar of the wrecker.

How Young Griffo Started His Career

By TIM McGRATH

(Third of a series of articles on old-time fighters by this world renowned trainer. Copyrght, 1925, all rights reserved.)

RECENTLY I was very much amused at reading the obituary of Young Griffo in a New York morning paper, only to find a statement from the famous Australian the following day that he was still alive and happy. The announcement by the Associated Press that Young Griffo could still be found in his old haunts around the Times Square section of New York City, instead of lying in the morgue awaiting a Christian burial brought considerable joy to me, for there are few sportsmen who knew the Australian better than I.

There are few persons who know how Young Griffo got his start. Martin Denny, owner of a confectionery shop in San Francisco, is authority for the statement that the Australian wonder began his career as a member of a rough house gang called the "Rock Push." Both Denny and Griffo were born and raised in the same neighborhood in Sydney, and when still in their teens they bowled over many a rival while members of the "Rock Push" squad.

Griffo, whose real name is Albert Griffiths, was the son of a coal heaver who, as Griffo in his later years, was a heavy drinker. The mother of Griffo was a frail woman, and according to Denny, she had a mighty tough time raising her children because of the abuse she suffered from Young Griffo's father, especially following a pay day.

DENNY was the champion featherweight of Australia in his day. He boxed Griffo twenty-five rounds and also ten rounds, and on both occasions he could scarcely lay a glove on his elusive rival, so clever was Young Griffo.

The fight, which took place in 1892, started on a Saturday night, and at midnight, because of the fact that fighting was not permitted on Sunday, it was stopped and called a draw.

Martin saw "Iron Bark Jim Barry" engage in a finish fight with George Dawson, the originator of the kidney punch, and he says what Dawson did to Burge was awful.

On the death of his mother Young Griffo was adopted by people named Allner at Miller's Point, better known then, and for many years later, as The Rocks.

Griffo sold newspapers in the streets of this town for a while and it was here he joined the gang above referred to. It was a means of livelihood that meant the survival of the fittest, and as a result his natural pugilistic propensities were given full sway. From having to fight for his own rights, he was kept busy fighting the other fellows' battles or accepting challenges his youthful admirers would issue to those of another neighborhood whose fighting abilities were broadcast.

The majority of the battles were impromptu scraps, but his first real fight, under proper rules, happened in 1887, on the green at Dawes' Point, in close proximity to where so much is now being done in connection with the building of the North Shore Bridge. His opponent was a lad named Billy Griffin, who later became an Australian champion at roller skating. In defeating Griffin, Griffo displayed such natural science as to attract the attention of the great knuckle fighter, "Hock" Johnson.

In those far-off days Hock ran a tobacconist business at Lower George street, and at the rear taught the young idea how to shoot his left and the various other methods necessary in the art of fisticuffs. There it was Griffo indulged in his first glove contest, and for a prize—a silver watch.

Griffo was declared the winner and displayed such fine work for one who had never had a lesson (having picked up what he knew by the many rough and tumbles he had to almost daily indulge in) that friend Hock brought him along to the prince of instructors, the late Larry Foley.

WHILE on the subject of fighting, Denny gave me considerable information which, from a point of view of historic boxing data, if for no other reason, makes interesting matter for THE RING readers. Martin trained Joe Choynski for his fights with Mick Dooley, Jim Fogarty and Owen Sullivan in Australia, all of which Choyinski won.

Then he trained Choynski to fight Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion, and Joe had almost beaten Goddard to death when his legs gave out on him. That fight was in Sydney.

Then Choynski fought Goddard again, this time in Melbourne, and the same thing happened. Choynski was hitting Goddard and knocking him all over the ring and his legs suddenly became wobbly and wouldn't hold him up.

Martin saw, too, one of the fights between Young Mitchell and Peter Boland; this Boland for years was considered the greatest fighter in Australia, and he and Mitchell fought four times, all the fights, I believe, ending in draws.

This particular fight which Martin saw went thirty-nine rounds, the two fighting with skin-tight gloves, and, according to Denny, "the little Yank," as Young Mitchell was called in Australia, had the better of it.

For years afterward, says Martin, this fight was referred to as the greatest ever seen in Australia.

SHORTLY after I talked with Denny I ran across Young Mitchell and had a chat with him about Boland.

He told me that Boland was absolutely the hardest fighting man he ever met in the ring.

"I am glad to be able to say he didn't whip me," remarked Mitchell; "he was one of the greatest of the old-time fighters and it was not considered a disgrace to be whipped by him."

Mitchell told me something else, too. He said that after their four fights he and Boland became the closest kind of friends.

"I really had a deep affection for Peter," he said, "and I think he had the same affection for me.

"When I was coming away from Australia I think he would have kissed me if I had offered to do my part."

THIS fondness for each other often develops between men who have hammered each other in the ring.

Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey, for instance, were the bitterest kind of enemies when each was at his best.

But a few years ago, when Sharkey went to live in Los Angeles, he and Jeffries became almost inseparable companions, and I know that Sharkey at least would have fought for big Jeff at any time or any place if he thought somebody was trying to get the better of him.

The same may be said of Jim Corbett and Joe Choynski. Never did a

(Continued on page 25)

In a Lighter Vein

By "DANIEL"

WHEN Mickey Walker stopped Virgil Lefty Cooper at San Francisco recently the welterweight champion collected $16,000. This sum is not to be sneezed at, but when compared with the fat guarantees champions get around New York Mickey's stipend was a mere handful of chicken feed. Many a fighter has found it impossible to feed chickens around Broadway on anything like that sum.

Walker's experience at San Francisco blasted the rumor which was current around New York that gold had been rediscovered on the Coast. The fight fans out yonder near Sutter's Creek are taking a perhaps commendable hardboiled attitude toward the rejuvenated ring game.

FRANK GOTCH once thought he could fight. He tried it up in the Klondyke and soon changed his mind. Once a wrestler, always a wrestler. The case of Berlenbach is the exception which proves the rule.

Berlenbach, like many another fighter, was born dumb. However, Paul got over it at an early age. He grabbed a live wire and immediately began to say things.

Bill Muldoon tells how John L. Sullivan, in his first appearance in New York, in 1881, got only $160 at a benefit at Harry Hill's and had to give up $50 of that to Steve Taylor to try to stay four rounds with him.

Imagine one of our heavyweight stars fighting for $110! That wouldn't pay the couvert charge at one of New York's midnight clubs.

We are in for quite a siege of John L. Sullivanitis. There was only one John L., and there never will be another. But we do hope that there will be no outbreak of pros and cons about the dead champion and his personal eccentricities.

THERE never was a boxer who made so many friends, and so many enemies—as Sullivan.

The time was when Jewish boxers rigged themselves out in Celtic names. The Cohens and the Levys fought as Young Reilly and Kid Gilhooley. Now we find a couple of boxers actually masquerading as Jews. The reason? The gate! Reason enough, eh?

Jimmy Wilde met Jack Dempsey in London recently and exclaimed, "Where's your fighting face?" Jack's new nose completely disguised him in so far as Jimmy was concerned. If somebody gets a shot at that revamped proboscis Jack will be further disguised and even Estelle may not know him.

BOMBARDIER WELLS, of the glass jaw and wonderful gymnasium form, at last has found his game. The Bombardier recently won a match in the British open golf tournament.

Golf suits the Bombardier because in golf the other guy never swings the driver at your jaw.

Still, what a gate Wells and Palzer would draw now if the Bombardier were ten years younger and Palzer weren't dead!

What has become of the old-fashioned favorite who had an excuse for defeat?

Nowadays the beaten favorite yesses the erring judges in an effort to bring on another fight—and a bigger gate.

The promoters on the Coast have a happy way about them. They greet champions at the depot with a bevy of Hollywood girls. The champion forgets all about his bank account and fights for about one-third what he would demand across the Rockies. That sort of thing might be tried in the East. Yes, you Californians, we've got the girls, too!

MIKE McTIGUE says that he lost to Paul Berlenbach because he needed a couple of fights under his belt. "But I couldn't get those fights because I was afraid to risk the title," adds the ingenuous Michael. "If I had risked the title before meeting Berlenbach I might not have risked it then."

This statement of Mike's, boiled down, means that McTigue sort of thought he would get a beating. He wasn't disappointed, though Berlenbach looked far from a McCoy in taking the laurels away from the Celt.

It was a dark night for the Irish. Now only Walker remains to carry the banner of the true Gaels among the champions of the ring.

Pretty soon the Celts will have to content themselves with reading the numerous histories of John L. Sullivan. Wurra! wurra! Who threw that?

JIM CORBETT thinks that neither Wills nor Gibbons will be the next heavyweight champion. Jim likes Stribling and Maloney of Boston. We like Stribling's chances, but we join Corbett in the fear that William will be burned out before he gets to the pinnacle.

Ed Garvey of Notre Dame, who as a boxer was a wonderful football player, has done himself a good turn in retiring from the ring. Garvey had the build but he lacked the finesse and the agility. He should be a far greater success as a lawyer and football coach, in which being muscle bound is not a serious handicap.

Garvey may live to see a man with a hair lip win the heavyweight championship. But a bird who is muscle bound is distinctly out.

The time was when it was contended that no wrestler ever could become a good fighter, let alone a champion. Along comes Berlenbach and seemingly makes a monkey out of that contention. However, some of the supporters of the contention maintain that it still holds good.

HOW YOUNG GRIFFO STARTED HIS CAREER

(*Continued from page* 24)

pair of fighters dislike each other more than did those two.

But nine or ten years ago, when the two were accidentally thrown together in Atlantic City, they became fast friends, and you can't say anything against Choynski when Corbett is around nor against Corbett if Choynski is within hearing.

That's as it should be. The place to settle animosities is in the ring.

Pugilistic Rhyme

THE GLAMOUR

By James K. McGuinness

AGE casts a glamour about the familiar,
Time makes the shabby resplendent and fine,
History's pages are studded with heroes
Raised by the years to a glory divine.
Yet I must wonder if those who opposed them,
Knowing their weaknesses, seeing mistakes,
Fighting and failing, but always against them,
Thought of the change that a century makes.

Maybe that's why on the sporting horizon,
Stretching behind where the past slips away,
Everything glows as it does in the rising,
Pink-shafted sun that is heralding day.
Matty and Brownie and Wagner and Donlin,
Jeff and Fitzsimmons, and Shevlin and Coy—
Each of them seems in a bright recollection
Crowned the original white headed boy.

When in the future I'm graying and halting,
Slowly approaching the end that begins
Something anew, will I praise then, I wonder,
Deeds that today are the cardinal sins?
Dempsey and Leonard and Paddock and Woodring,
Speaker and Tyrus and Johnson and Ruth—
Yes, I'm afraid that I'll gloat o'er their triumphs,
Even though sometimes I overlook truth.

THE WAY TO A THRONE

By Charles Simmons

AS I dozed in a crowded arena, I dreamed of a champion's throne,
Of the praise, the fame and the riches, that come to a King, alone—
I thought of a life filled with pleasure, all that goes with fame
Then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and heard a voice call me by name—

The champion stood at my elbow. He beckoned me with a smile,
He took me along a rough, hard road, over many a lonely mile—
I saw his career beginning, when no sound of praise could be heard,
For he was just another beginner, fighting for meals and a kind word.
I followed him through years of trouble, through slim purses and a few defeats,
I saw him battered and beaten and tossed about by a fate which cheats,
I saw long years of training, drudgery, toil and work,
I saw years and years of hard fighting, with many a painful hurt.

The rise to fame was slow and hard, but glory came to stay,
For a King must follow the lonely road, with always a price to pay—
That was the way to a champion's throne, a long hard trail of work.
That was the way to a title—a champion can never shirk.

A BOXER'S PRAYER

By Robert McLaughlin

O LORD, the one great referee for all this earthly ring,
Grant me the grit and courage to take the blows that sting;
A good clean body with mind to match, that when put to the test,
Will let me stand up fearless, resolved to do my best;
I ask no easy victories—let others win who can,
But whether it be to win or lose,
Lord, let me play the man;
And be a credit to this noble game of self-defense
Bred in the blood of all true men since history commenced;
And when I lay my gloves away at the finish of life's bout,
May it be said that "Old Man Death" was the first to knock me out.
And in after years, when I am gone, if men shall speak my name,
I ask no better epitaph than this one: "HE WAS GAME!"

TERRY McGOVERN

By John Francis Sanford

TODAY cannot boast, nor will the morrow bring
Another great heart of the ring
Like that tawny-thatched little Brooklyn lad,
Who always gave the best he had.
How little would speed or science avail
Against that human fighting flail.
And the greatest ones of a mighty crew,
Dixon, Erne and Joe Gans, too,
Like tumbling jackstraws all went down
And arose no more to face the frown
Of "Terrible" Terry McGovern.

BUT the better man came as they always do.
The "bright lights" had a hand in it too,
And defeat left him lying there—
Bleeding and still in the arc light glare.
Though the years have passed since last he fought,
His valiance I know, has not gone for naught;
And his courage and sand
Remain o'er the land
In the hearts of our hundred million.

"SUCCESS!"

By Norman Daly

HE tried for years to win attention;
To have his bust in the Hall of Fame.
It was always his intention,
Literally, to set the world aflame.
Glory somehow, seemed to elude him;
Reporters never interviewed him,
And no one but himself had heard his name.

HE failed at law; was a bust at preaching,
His musical endeavors were a crime.
He flopped at medicine; and his Bible teachings
Were worse than his cheap poetic rhyme.
After years of steady trying
Surgery, literature and air-bus flying—
He found he wasn't worth a wooden dime.

DONE with art and scientific craving;
His vision was a mass of glaring red.
He tore loose with both fists waving—
Resolved to knock the population dead.
The world's attention became keener
When his efforts in the roped arena
Placed the Champion's golden crown upon his head.

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As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING

PAUL BERLENBACH, the Astoria Assassin, became the light heavyweight champion of the world on May 31, when he gained the decision over Mike McTigue in a fifteen-round bout in the Yankee Stadium, held under the auspices of Mrs. William R. Hearst's Milk Fund Committee. Upon his rapid advance in about a year from a preliminary fighter to the leader of his class, we congratulate Berlenbach. His victory, although far from being a glorious one, should serve as an example to those, who, meeting with one or two reverses, give up in disgust instead of starting anew in quest of their goal.

When Punishing Paul was knocked out by Jack Delaney in Madison Square Garden, there were a few in that vast audience who did not sing the swan song for Berlenbach. Yet, by constant plodding, Paul comes back six months later to win a world crown!

In citing the above, we did not fail to take cognizance of the fact that Paul was a mighty lucky fellow to get the first chance at McTigue in a decision fight in this State since Mike won the title from Battling Siki in Ireland. Paul was fortunate, because we know of at least five good middleweights and light heavyweights who would have relieved Mike of his title had they been given the chance. Chief among these is Young Slattery of Buffalo, who, we predict, will knock out Berlenbach the first time Slattery is given the opportunity to fight Paul for the championship.

The Berlenbach of May 31 was far better than McTigue, yet far below par for a title holder. On the basis of their showing on the Milk Fund card, Slattery rates high and far above Berlenbach. If the Berlenbach who beat Mike McTigue intends to hold the crown as long as did the Irishman, Paul will have to fight much better than he did. He fought just good enough to gain the verdict over Mike, but will have to do much better to keep it from Jimmy Slattery or Jack Delaney.

* * *

Muldoon's Eightieth Birthday

WILLIAM MULDOON, grand old teacher of physical culture, celebrated his eightieth birthday last month. In the broad field of athletics, Muldoon stands forth as the leader among those who preach physical training. THE RING, voicing the sentiments of its thousands of readers, extends congratulations to a man who has done more to keep boxing on the high level it now enjoys than any of his colleagues in New York State or in other states where the sport is legalized.

* * *

Muldoon was famous as the trainer of John L. Sullivan and at a time when there were few men who dared approach the Boston Strong Boy with anything that savored of a suggestion of clean living and the water wagon. He handled the Boston terror as if he had been a child.

Keen witted, determined and soft spoken, he commanded Sullivan's respect and always did, and no man was more sincerely happy than Muldoon when Sullivan announced his going on the water wagon for life. Sullivan never broke that resolution and lived to earn the respect of the whole world.

* * *

French Fall in Line

IN speaking of the good deeds accomplished by William Muldoon while a member of the New York State Boxing Commission, it is worthy of note that it was he who, fighting against heavy odds, put through the order that prohibited boxers who have not yet attained their majority from competing in bouts of longer duration than six rounds. Mr. Muldoon was subject to severe attacks from managers and newspaper critics, yet stuck to his guns, with the result that boys who otherwise would have burnt their energy during the first year or two of their fighting career, through the greediness of their mentors, were saved to the boxing game by engaging in contests of only six or less rounds. As a result, when they reached their majority, they had their pent-up energy, their full strength to pit against their rival, thanks to the keen foresight of Mr. Muldoon.

In addition, this rule brought about the development of much promising material in all classes. The most notable example is that of Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo middleweight, a knockout artist par excellence, who, with proper training, may yet hold the crown now worn by Jack Dempsey. Had Slattery, while a growing youth, been permitted to fight the huskies in the middleweight and light heavyweight classes over the twelve or fifteen-round route, the ring undoubtedly would have lost a championship contender ere now. Instead, we have a Jimmy Slattery who, according to most experts, will be worth his weight in gold in the next few years.

This is one of the few things for which William Muldoon must be thanked.

The French Boxing Federation, following the move of other boxing bodies which have recognized in the New York State Walker Law the keynote to success in the administration of the pastime, have adopted several rules now enforced here. The Federation hereafter will compel any boxer under eighteen years of age to confine his activities to six-round bouts, will not permit a boxer to fight more than once in ten days and has decided to adopt the scale of weights, flyweight to light heavy, now in vogue in this country and first put into effect by the New York State Board.

This is the first step towards the development of an international boxing federation, so much needed for the good of the sport.

* * *

Wail in California

LEGALIZED boxing has been in effect in California only five months, sufficiently long enough for those who have the interest of the sport at heart, to judge whether the move was a good one. The Ring, in an effort to get first hand information on this subject, discussed the boxing situation with Joe Waterman, well known western promoter, manager and scribe; Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, who just returned from a second trip to the Coast; Joe Benjamin, foremost lightweight contender of California; Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns, and from each of the above we learned that boxing under the club rule proved far better an attraction than under the present system.

What is the reason? The Coast fans were clamoring for the passage of a law that would make the sport legal and, now that they have what they asked for, they refuse to support the game. California should take its place with New York and Pennsylvania as the leading fight center of the country, yet we find an apathy among the fans which indicates a speedy exodus of the Coast's leading talent to the East.

When the new law went into effect fight managers and their charges skipped from New York and Pennsylvania

to the Golden West, only to find upon arrival there that the purses offered were far less than their boys could obtain in the East. Reports of the wealth thrown at boxers was mere talk, as Mickey Walker and Charley Harvey informed us. "The fans won't support the game, hence you can't expect the promoters to hand out big purses," was Harvey's statement.

Something is radically wrong and it behooves the Western promoters to find a quick remedy or boxing will go to smash in California.

* * *

Kearns and Mickey Walker

JACK KEARNS, manager of the world's heavyweight champion, is not content with "laying down the law" to the New York State Boxing Commission. It was Kearns who, when informed that the New York Board would bar him and Dempsey from a license in the Empire State unless they accepted Harry Wills's challenge, remarked:

"What do I care for the New York Commission. Its members mean nothing to me. Let the Board put up a million dollars as a guarantee and I'll let Jack Dempsey accept Wills' challenge."

No sooner were these words transmitted by the Associated Press to the East than Kearns and Dempsey found themselves on the blacklist. Such was the proof to Mr. Kearns that the New York State Commissioners were not the saps he thought them to be, were not the fearful gentlemen who would quiver before his thunder, and would not be bulldozed even by the manager of a world's heavyweight champion.

We thought that Jack Kearns had learned his lesson, but apparently not so. When Mickey Walker, who has been taken in tow by Kearns, went to the Coast to fight Lefty Cooper, Kearns defied the California Boxing Board in the naming of a referee. Said Kearns to the Commissioners: "Larry McGrath will be the referee or there will be no fight."

It is too bad Messrs. Hanlon, Almgrem and Strellinger, three honest, capable Boxing Commissioners, who comprise the California Board, did not take the bull by the horns as did Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower of the New York Board, and tell Mr. Kearns that boxing is being run in the interest of the entire state and not in the interest of one, Jack Kearns. Had the California moguls put the matter to a test and forced a showdown, we feel confident Jack Kearns would have acquiesced and, finding himself beaten for the second time, would thereafter respect the law which is giving him an opportunity to add to the fortune he already has gobbled up through legalized boxing.

In effect Kearns publicly didn't give a hang for the Coast officials and the officials, rather than face a show down, permitted Jack to have his way and Larry McGrath refereed the bout.

We have nothing against Kearns. In fact we are very friendly with Jack. But The Ring, since its inception four years ago, has sponsored all that is good in the field of boxing and feels that a great wrong is being done by Kearns and others of his strong will power who would run boxing to suit themselves rather than along the lines that would do most benefit. Men of this type should be curbed and must be curbed and action such as the New York State Commission took will go a long way to making them see the light.

* * *

Kid Kaplan's Improvement

FEW boxers, after winning a title, have shown such marked improvement as has Kid Kaplan since annexing the featherweight crown. Kaplan's decisive victory over Kid Sullivan, former king of the junior lightweights, a hitter of no mean ability, has stamped the Meriden battler as one of the hardest punchers developed in his class in the last fifteen years.

This contest proved beyond doubt that Kid Kaplan is a real fighter and a worthy successor to the best men who have graced his class.

* * *

Walker Stops Cooper

AFTER the great ado which had been made over the bout, the Mickey Walker-Lefty Cooper affair in San Francisco recently, which ended in the first round, was a wretched disappointment for the thousands who paid their way in. However, for Eastern followers of the sport the event was productive of considerable interest from two angles. In the first place, it is no small occasion when a world's champion fights these days. Much more important then, when a world's champion scores with a knockout. Then again, the bout marked Walker's debut under the management of Jack Kearns.

Walker is a fine young man, an able boxer and a popular champion. If he is handled right he ought to make himself still more popular and still more of an all-around title holder of real class. It is to be hoped that Kearns does not adopt with Walker the tactics he has used with Jack Dempsey—the modern method of keeping the champion out of the ring and using him in moving pictures.

It is understood that Walker's contract with Kearns calls for moving picture work. The boxing public will not object to this arrangement if Mickey accompanies his labors for the screen with labors in the ring. But Walker can spoil it all by making his ring work subordinate, after the manner of the great Dempsey himself.

* * *

Taken By Grim Reaper

THE Grim Reaper counted out four of the most famous men connected in one way or another with the manly art in the space of a little over two months. They included Sam Berger, former amateur heavyweight champion who fought with some degree of success in the professional ranks; George Hartung, timekeeper of most of the greatest twenty-round duels, fought on the Pacific Coast; Sol Levinson, glove maker, and Al Kubiak, colorful Philadelphia heavyweight.

Berger and Hartung were the first of the quartet to go. Kubiak breathed his last early last week. Levinson's death in San Francisco occurred a week ago to-morrow.

Berger managed Jim Jeffries for the Jack Johnson battle at Reno in 1910. He quit the racket to go into the haberdashery business.

* * *

OUR dear friend, Bill McGeehan, whose comment in the New York Herald-Tribune has thousands of readers, makes the following remarks about the lightweight tournament:

No Successor in Sight

"The net result of the New York Boxing Commission's tournament to find a successor to Benny Leonard seems to be that there isn't any such thing. Many have been called but all proved fromagenous. The matter of the title —so far as the ruling of the commission controls it—seems to lie between Valger and Goodrich—and neither one, as Tad Dorgan would say, is any bargain.

"Sammy Mandell, of Rockport, Ill., and Sid Terris, of New York, both of whom have been eliminated from the tournament, still seem to be the best looking of a very poor lot. Tex Rickard plans to have them have it out in his new arena. In the logical course of things the winner of this bout will meet the winner of the tournament. The survivor of that bout will be recognized generally as the lightweight champion. He will not be much of a light-

weight champion, but it seems that we must have a lightweight champion."

Tunney Gains the Limelight

TOM GIBBONS, St. Paul phantom, met his waterloo at the hands of Gene Tunney, American light heavyweight champion and former fighting marine, in the twelfth round of a contest at the New York Polo Grounds on June 5 and with that defeat, the first knockout of his honorable career, the veteran was eliminated from the field of contenders for the crown now worn by Jack Dempsey. The 40,000 persons who attended the fight, saw Tunney play the role of the Miracle Man, for the young New Yorker, carrying the dash and spirit that made his regiment of marines famous in the Belleau Woods, did to Tom what no other boxer has been able to perform—Gene floored Tom twice, the final knockdown resulting in the count of the fatal ten.

Hence New York for the first time in the history of modern ring strife has produced a genuine, first-class contender for the world's heavyweight championship. Little old New York has contributed a dazzling array of champions and near-champions in every other division in the last thirty years and more. But somehow, despite the teeming thousands of mighty physical types which make up the population of the city, little old New York has hitherto been unable to startle the fistic universe with its heavyweight gladiators.

Now, however, New York has a chance to put across its first heavyweight titleholder and this chance is the brightest the greatest city in the Empire State has had in the last twenty years. * * * * *

A Helping of Applesauce

THE writer never will forget the morning after the Dempsey victory over Jess Willard in Toledo. Kearns gathered the newspapermen about him in the lobby of the Secor and announced: "Boys, here's one champion who will fight! Dempsey will give everybody a chance. Nobody will be ignored!"

Today that announcement is a mockery—just another helping of applesauce. Dempsey has ignored quite a few contenders. Worst of all, he has ignored the ring. His title belongs to boxing itself but Dempsey and Kearns have paraded it before the screen and everywhere else but in the ring. A fighting champion should fight,—OR QUIT.

It behooves Walker to be a fighting champion. He can fight. He has the most amiable personality of any of our ring title holders and has the makings of a genuine popular idol.

But he must beware the breakers and the lure of easy money, so called, in the movies. We are told by a moving picture magnate that the day of the picture made by a fighter is almost gone. Dempsey's latest picture has been a sad failure.

The public will pay to see a fighter in moving pictures of an actual fight. It has no stomach for pictures of a champion lolling in the arms of a screen heroine—a champion made up to look like a cake eater and bedizened like a lounge lizard.

Mickey, beware the screen!

* * *

The Pernicious Minority

THERE is a small minority in these United States which rankles like a festering sore as regards anything which has to do with boxing. The sad part of it all is that this minority has always existed and always will.

Recently five of the most powerful states in the United States combined to make boxing safe for the public. Substantial and influential men in each are devoting a large part of their time to keep this historical game clean and honest, both in regard to the participants and the spectators.

A short time ago the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the world, working for the interests of devastated France, organized and promoted a huge professional boxing program in New York. Low pastime? Hardly.

And yet only recently three governors of as many large states refused to sign bills passed in their legislatures by law makers commissioned by the constituency to legalize boxing. Their alibis were that they feared the reaction of the conservative elements. Let us call a spade a spade.

It looks very much as though the respected governors were intimidated by the Blue Law agitators. How often, alas, in our history, has a few hundred votes looked larger at bill signing time than a great many thousand at the polls.

* * *

Charles F. Mathison's Comment

CHARLES F. MATHISON, dean of New York sports writers and recognized authority on American pugilism, takes issue with those who proclaim John L. Sullivan the king of all American heavyweights. Mr. Mathison, probably more so than any other American writer, has made a close study of the fistic sport in the United States and his writings on the subject are worth while digesting. Mr. Mathison's interesting comment on Sullivan sent to THE RING, is herewith published:

A READER of THE RING recently asked this question: "Who was the greatest heavyweight champion of the old-timers." The answer was "John L. Sullivan."

"I do not believe it was the intent of THE RING to convey the impression that Sullivan was superior to all the title holders of the early period of boxing in England and America. England had some notable heavyweights in the pioneer days, including Jem Mace, the only world's champion to retire without the loss of his title.

"Tom King and Tom Sayers were also rather nifty. There is no basis on which Sullivan can be measured with the Britons. Mace made short work of Tom Allen, the American champion, and Allen showed superiority over the best heavies in America of his time.

"It is not difficult, however, to get a line on Sullivan's ability. Through comparison with the 'old-timers' who were in action during the ten years that the Bostonian held the American title, it is easy to gauge his real pugilistic status. Incidentally, the admirers of Sullivan insist that he held the title 12 years. As Sullivan won the American title from Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City Feb. 7, 1882, and lost the same title to Jim Corbett at New Orleans Sept. 7, 1892, it would appear that the Sullivanites are deficient in mathematics.

"Among the old-timers who flourished in the days when Sullivan was in his prime were Peter Jackson, heavyweight champion of Australia and Europe. Jackson stopped Jem Smith, champion of England, in 2 rounds, and knocked out Frank Slavin, claimant of Australian title, in 10 rounds. Jackson fought Jim Corbett a 61-round draw. Corbett stopped Sullivan in 21 rounds.

"Sullivan refused to make a match with Jackson, who unquestionably was the greatest of the heavyweight champions during the time Sullivan held the American title. Sullivan also dodged matches with Slavin, Joe Goddard and Fitzsimmons. The Bostonian was held to a draw with 160-pound Charley Mitchell and was outpointed in 6 rounds by 175-pound Dominick McCaffrey.

"The best man Sullivan ever defeated was Jake Kilrain, a second-rater. Paddy Ryan, from whom Sullivan won the American title, was generally regarded as the poorest excuse for a champion that ever got hold of the title. By the way, the claim that Sullivan won the world's title from Ryan was knocked into a cocked hat by a photograph of Ryan's corner flag taken on the day of the bout. This flag was inscribed: 'Paddy Ryan, American champion,' Sullivan drew the color line against Jackson only, for the Boston Boy was in the ring with George Godfrey, 'Old Chocolate,' both stripped for action, in a hall in Boston when the police interfered.

Corbett Denies Story of Training K. O. by Jeffries

THE days when Jim Corbett was in training for his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City are in the long ago. The time when Jim Jeffries, a big,green husky, was one of the boys around the Corbett camp when Jim was getting ready for the fateful fight with Fitz, is almost a generation behind. But the controversy rages—the controversy as to Fitzsimmons' weight in that memorable scrap and as to whether Corbett was or was not knocked out in training by Jeffries.

The editor of The Ring regards both Bob Edgren and Corbett as his friends and he wants to take no sides in the battle which has broken out anew between them. But he is glad to present Corbett's side in a letter which he has received from Gentleman Jim, as follows:

"I see Bob Edgren is making some more false and foolish statements. He now says Jeffries knocked me out in the training quarters at Carson City when I was training for Bob Fitzsimmons.

"Now I would gladly admit it if such was the case, but Edgren has the whole thing twisted like he did when he made himself the laughing stock of the sporting world by saying after the Johnson-Jeffries fight that Jeffries was drugged.

"Also, he keeps his readers believing Fitz was a middleweight when he fought me, and I will bet Edgren from $1,000 up that Fitz weighed 172 pounds and I 180 to 182.

"Of course Edgren knows this, but he dislikes me so much he thinks it hurts my feelings. Why, he doesn't know Jim Corbett.

"I don't care if Fitz was only a lightweight. He won from me and I know I was defeated by a great man. But I don't think it's fair to the coming generation and to the present boxing fans to have a man keeping them in such ignorance.

"Now Jeffries, when he was with me in Carson City, was only a green boy and knew nothing of boxing to speak of and was at that time hardly good enough to keep me warm at boxing. He never even knocked me down or out or even made it interesting for me, but I did put Jeffries down one day.

"Now Jeffries is out in Los Angeles. Ask him if I am telling the truth. Also, Jeffries has told me 50 times how lucky he was to win from me in that twenty-third round at Coney Island.

"JAMES J. CORBETT.

The editor of The Ring knows that Jeffries has denied that knockout story on several occasions. As to Fitzsimmons' weight the day he made Jim the victim of his solar plexus punch, that will remain a subject for debate until boxing debate ceases.

Perfection in Fighting

By ED HUGHES

THE perfect exhibition of prize-fighting, strictly speaking, is a stunt that hovers on the border of the impossible. For a fighter to turn in a "perfect fight" it would seem that he must knock out his foe with the very first punch, the while not getting hit himself.

There is only one bout on record that seems to approach such a thing. Strangely enough Battling Nelson, who was not noted for quick knockout hitting, must be awarded the palm.

Nelson is credited with dropping a certain Billy Rossler in two seconds. It is the shortest fight on record, and Nelson did land his first wallop for a knockout.

Bat stood in the center of the ring and nailed Rossler when the latter was but a few feet away from his chair. Malachy Hogan, who refereed the go, signed an affidavit to the effect that Nelson's bout consumed but two seconds (something hard to believe in spite of the methods Bat pursued to gain his end). Officials were not so strict in those days. Boxers often stood near the center of the ring while waiting for the opening gong.

Lloyd Glotzbach, former husband of Mme. Matzenauer, noted singer, known as her "Wild Mustard," is credited with knocking an opponent out in 2 seconds, but he is little known in fistic circles.

He knocked out Billy Farrell, a heavyweight, within three seconds, in Oakland, Cal., only two nights after knocking out Danny Gallagher in two seconds.

Kelly and Kearns Make Up

"SPIDER" KELLY and Jack Kearns have buried the hatchet. Eight years ago Kelly took umbrage at Kearns as a result of a misunderstanding when he seconded Dempsey in his fights with "Gunboat" Smith and Carl Morris. Since then they have been on the outs, until recently, when "Spider" and Kearns bumped into each other at Dreamland Rink, in San Francisco, where Mickey Walker was working out.

"Hello, 'Spider,'" cheerily said Kearns.

"Hello, Jack. How goes it?" replied "Spider."

Kelly is regarded as the real discoverer of Dempsey, for it was he who first saw possibilities in Dempsey and urged Kearns to take him in hand. When Dempsey fought his first big fight it was Kelly who was in his corner, and his success against both Smith and Morris was attributed to "Spider," regarded then, as now, the greatest second in the fight game.

When Kearns took Dempsey East he made overtures to Kelly to be in Dempsey's corner against Willard. But Kelly wouldn't go, and they have never spoken to each other since then.

But time heals all wounds.

Jack Was a Prude

Wouldn't Let His Fiancee See Fights But Got Her a Subscription to THE RING as a Fine Substitute

JACK was something of a prude. Ethel, to whom Jack was engaged, was an up-to-the-minute American girl, intensely interested in all sports.

Ethel wanted to go to the Milk Fund bouts in the Yankee Stadium in New York but Jack wouldn't take her.

"Boxing bouts are not for girls or women to see," said Jack, who, it will be seen, was a little old-fashioned in his ideas about boxing and women.

"Well, Jane is going, and Marie is going—why, all the girls I know are being taken to the Stadium by their boy friends," protested Ethel. "I'm sure the sight won't be revolting and the company won't be worse than that we meet at a theatre or the ball game."

"Well, that may be, but I still maintain that you shouldn't go there," replied Jack.

"But, here. I have a happy thought. I'll get you a year's subscription to The Ring. It's a fine, clean magazine devoted to boxing and I know you'll like it."

So Jack sent his dollar and a half to the offices of The Ring and Ethel was assured of The Ring for a year—and twelve issues of a bright, entertaining periodical.

To all Jacks, and Joes, and Toms and Harrys, we say—Go thou and do likewise! The Ring appeals to the fair and deadlier sex as well as to men. There is nothing in this magazine, either in the advertising carried or the reading matter, which any man would not want his mother or his sweetheart to see.

The Ring each year passes up thousands of dollars in advertising because it feels that it does not want to carry one line which would be objectionable in a man's home.

The Ring is the only publication devoted exclusively to boxing in this country which may be placed on your library table.

The Ring never will embarrass you.

Letters from Our Readers

P. O. Armdale,
Halifax, N. S., Canada.

I have been reading sport dope for 33 years. I have read them all—books, magazines, "etc." from all parts of the world. I want to tell you that you have filled the real want, the real need, a paper on boxing alone.

I must say that I am glad to see that you have the old timer of the three big initials TAD on the job still giving the world of fans the true and pleasing news on the sport.

How wonderful it all is, when we old timers get to reading The Ring. I was glad to see the face of George Bothner on page 12 of the March issue. It certainly takes a fellow back to the days of real sport. How well I remember Jimmy Clabby of Hammond, Ind., the pride of Milwaukee, also in that month's issue.

Good luck to your fine publication.

William Waters,
6145 Lansdome Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I find your publication a great help to the boxer and also to the boxing fans.

I am a manager of three good boys and due to my ignorance, did not read The Ring until last week. My brother gets The Ring and after reading his copy, I have become a Ring Booster.

April 24th, 1925.

Ben Ross,
Cleveland, Ohio

Have just finished reading the May issue of The Ring and I would like to tell you that it is the best 15c worth I have received in reading matter.

Raphael Armado,
Arecebia, Porto Rico.

My friends and myself have organized a little club here for the purpose of taking an interest in athletics. I am happy to say that your magazine furnishes us with many delightful hours of reading. As a result of our interest, we may organize amateur boxing here.

Thomas Williams,
Balboa, Canal Zone.

There is no book on sports in the world that is so widely read among the boys of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps than The Ring. I am serving my third enlistment and during my term, I have seen service in many parts of the world. I first saw your wonderful book when in Canton, China, next came across it in Ceylon, then found it among the books read by the boys in service at Hawaii, bought a copy in Santo Domingo, read it when I stopped off at Trinidad, found copies on sale in Argentina and in Peru and now absorb every word of your splendid publication while serving Uncle Sam here.

You may not care to toot your own horn, but a magazine which travels the world over as yours, should not hesitate to do so. I hope to see this item in The Ring because I know how dearly your book is held in the hearts of every service man.

John Allen,
Charlotte, N. C.

I have read The Ring for a long time and I have always noted how fair your policy has been in boosting the boys who are doing well in all sections of the country.

I realize that you cannot have a reporter in every city but have noted that you cover every section in your monthly review. More power to you.

THE FIGHTER'S DEFIANCE

By Grantland Rice

(In New York Tribune)

GET me a set-up, bring me a bum.
And sixty per cent of the gate,
And I'll make the good old leather hum
Whenever you name the date.
I don't want any decision stuff,
But I'd like five grand in advance;
But don't get a fellow that might get rough,
For I'm not taking a chance.

OH, we are a bold and hardy lot,
As we live by the left and right,
But we can't afford to get too hot
If the other cove wants to fight.
So get us a guy who can take a hint,
A cove that a bum can frisk,
And we'll fight for sixty per cent of the mint,
Provided there ain't no risk.

A. Boudreau, Hartford, Conn.

I have been a follower of boxing for the past ten years and I read many newspapers and also the Police Gazette, but they don't compare to The Ring. I think that your magazine is the best a boxing follower can find in the world. Here's to your continued success.

Tom Connally, 813 Fifth Ave., North Troy, N. Y.

I found some old newspapers in the attic. Perhaps you can get an idea from these clippings for an article in your wonderful book, The Ring. Long may it reign!

J. Hambleton, Toronto, Canada.

In your June, 1925, number of The Ring, I noticed a short item from your San Bernardino, Cal., correspondent mentioning a striking testimonial paid Harry Simone, the boxer who died in California following a recent bout.

In connection with the death of Simone, may I send my deepest sympathy, as a former friend and buddie of Harold, to his bereaved family, wherever they may be, and to any acquaintances of his or my own?

I first met Simone in Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, while stationed there with the 27th Infantry. He was a member of the 11th Field Artillery in the post, and one of the best liked fellows who ever appeared in the rings in and around Honolulu.

There is little one can say to the memory of Simone, little that is, so far as his championship qualities are concerned. He was not a champion although things might perhaps have been entirely different had he lived, but he was an outstanding American athlete, clean, upright, good-living, and best of all, a good loser and a good sport.

Should this letter meet the eye of Fred McLeon (Kid Mac), Sammy Baker, now fighting under the name of Sergeant Sammy Baker, or any other fighters of the old army days at Schofield, I feel sure that they too will experience the keenest regret at the loss of one who was, in my estimation, a good buddie and a MAN, and I can think of no other or higher compliment to pay to the memory of Harold Simone.

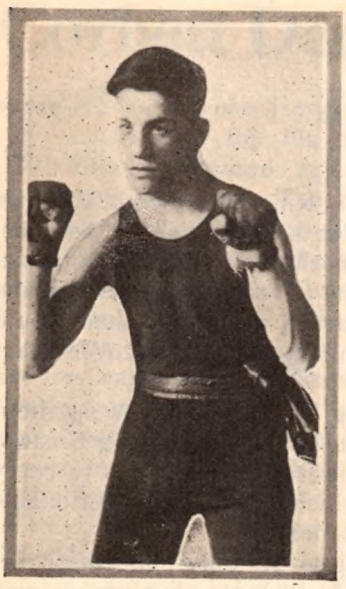
A. Dugand, G., New York City.

I am a reader of the Ring and find it the most interesting boxing publication in the world. I have been all over Europe and can say that there is no boxing magazine comparable to The Ring on the other side of the big pond or in South America.

By the way, speaking of South America, I have been almost two years in Colombia and let me tell you that they like boxing down there! Plenty of good little boys in the game too!

HYPNOTISM

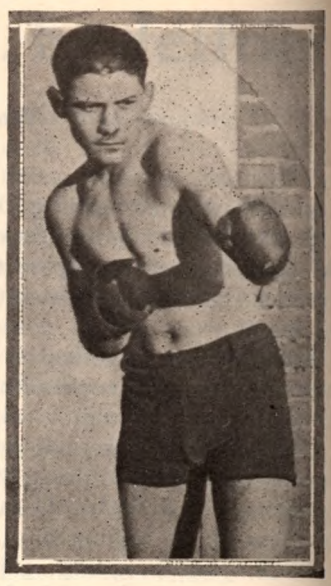
FREE Success in life can only be obtained through personal influence. Will send absolutely free a 55-page book which tells in fascinating style how you may acquire the influence or secrets of personal magnetism, hypnotism, magnetic healing, etc. The book explains how through the marvelous power of suggestion (which is the foundation of personal influence) diseases and bad habits may be cured. The book also tells how to win and hold the love and respect of others. Anybody can learn in a few days at home. We positively guarantee success. Write today before you forget it, as this may be your "golden opportunity." Remember, the book is FREE. Address FLINT COLLEGE, 421 Perry Payne Bldg., Dept. 577-B, Cleveland, Ohio.



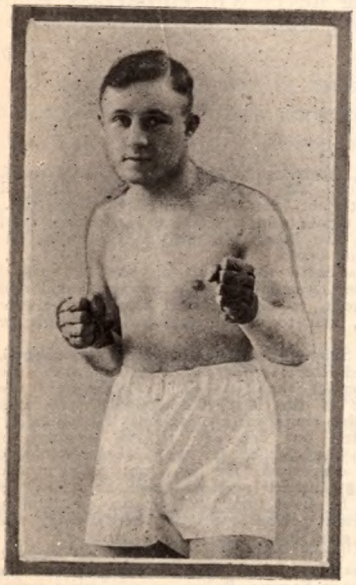
Al Delmont, lightweight, is boxing in Detroit.

George Cook, the Australian Torpedo, a good heavyweight.

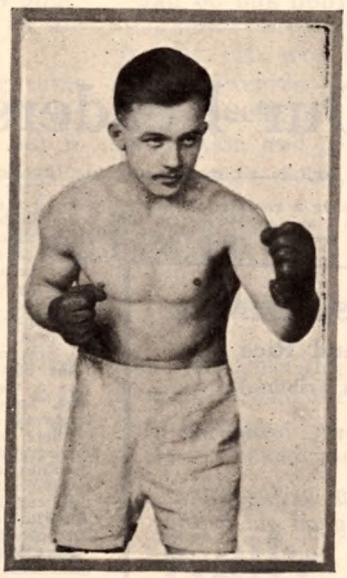
King Solomon, who is making headway in Eastern rings.



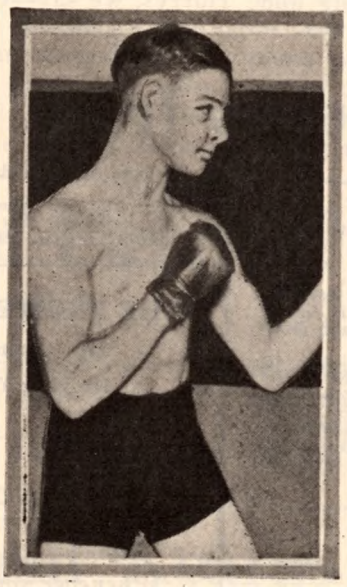
Young Joe Rivers, Kansas City's 120-pound phenom.



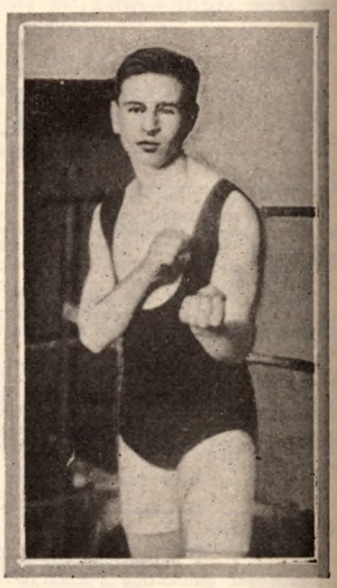
Walter Grayjack, a game little battler from Milwaukee.



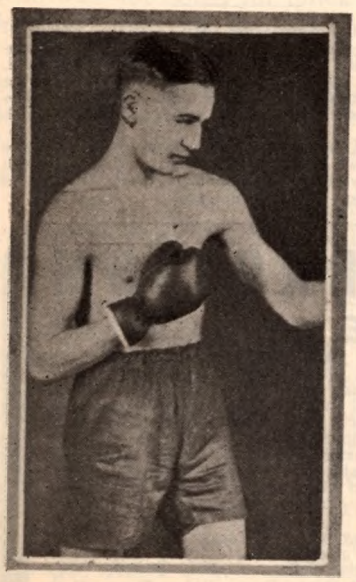
Nick Clausen, of Denmark, a lightweight eager to meet the best.



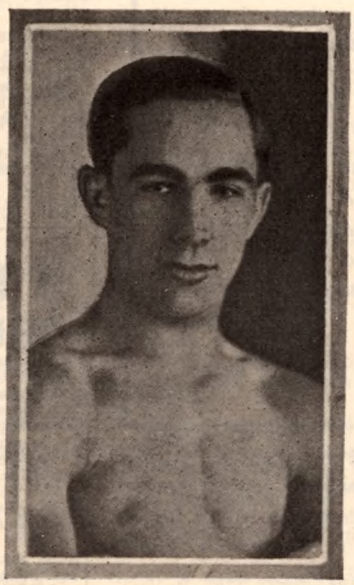
Morrie Goldberg, former bantam champion of Central A. A. U.



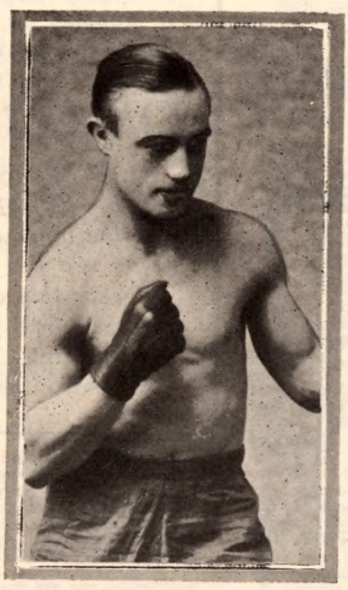
Johnny Tarpey, junior lightweight, of Dublin, Ireland.



Charley Weber, Milwaukee's 130-pounder who is a heavy hitter.



Harry Kahn, Milwaukee, contender for lightweight honors.



Gil Davis, a 140-pounder, of San Bernando, California.

Sammy Cara, of New York, who has turned pro.

It Is a Great Age

By TOM ANDREWS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago boxers, that is many of them, were glad to ride the "bumpers" or sit in the day coach to reach their destination for a contest whereby they might gather in a hundred or two of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. They were not particular, either whether they fought six, ten or twenty rounds, nor whether they had five or two ounce gloves, so long as they received their "bit" for the scrap.

Nowadays the boxers would not think of traveling in anything but Pullmans with all the deluxe trimmings.

The very latest, however, is to travel by auto—not hired ones—but in one's own machines and with chauffeur attached. It is a pretty sad case when even semi-final performers cannot travel in their own cars.

Of course fighters like Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Tommy Gibbons, Gene Tunney, Pancho Villa, Johnny Dundee, Harry Greb and other stars have not only one, but two or three cars and they are of the very latest make with all the comforts of home.

Just recently the writer happened to be walking down one of the avenues in Milwaukee early in the morning when along came an auto bearing Joe Jawson, lightweight, who stopped to say hello.

"Why so early, Joe?" questioned the scribe."

"Going up to Green Bay to fight tonight and thought I would drive up and get the fresh air," came back Joseph.

A little farther on another machine rolled up and there was Doc Hoffman with his stable of boxers.

"Where to?" asked the writer.

"Oh, just driving out to Madison where Joey Clein fights to-night," came back Doc. "We intended taking the train, but missed so thought we would drive out."

Young Stribling recently went from Baltimore to the Pacific Coast for a series of fights, but instead of taking the overland limited, he fixed up a big touring car with camping accommodations and together with "Ma and Pa" drove to San Francisco.

During the winter Frankie Monroe, California fighter, with Eddie Macy and his manager, Art Braathen, decided they preferred to ride out in an auto to taking the train, so they bought a new machine and drove over the Southern route.

Jack Sharkey, when he was starring, made most of his trips about the country in his racing car and there are scores of boxers who travel the same way.

It may not be long before some of the more nervy boxers will be traveling to fights by airplane or crossing over to London for a scrap at the National Sporting Club in a racing motorboat, such as Garr Wood has, or by seaplane.

It is a great age and the boxers, with their managers, are keeping pace with the times!

We often wonder whether poor old Jim Figg ever looks up or down and wanders back to 1719!

WILLIAM MULDOON

(*Continued from page 9*)

was only sixteen, but he enlisted as a drummer boy. Before long Muldoon became a private. He tells a story of how he used to bathe in the icy water in mid winter while his fellow soldiers laughed and jeered and remained in their stuffy cabins.

"I used to go out and wash my uniform and other things in the cold water, but they stayed indoors like a lot of animals," says Muldoon about those days of the long ago. "When the winter was over many of those who had laughed at me were gone, the victims of disease. I still am here. The boys used to fill the cabins with smoke and breathe the foul, poisoned air for hour and hours."

IN time Muldoon became a member of the New York police force. It was then that he developed into a great wrestler. He won the police championship, and in time the world's Graeco-Roman title as well.

"Muldoon, the Solid Man," a song said about him.

Modjeska selected him for the role of Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It." He toured the country posing in gladiatorial scenes. Muldoon was a perfect specimen physically.

In later years he opened a health farm where some of the most famous men of the country went from time to time to recuperate. He was an tintimate of Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Wilson, a friend of Tom Platt, Dick Croker and Charley Murphy. Now he numbers Elihu Root, Chauncey Depew and Governor Smith among his legion of friends.

Muldoon, the Solid Man! It pays to be on the level.

DON'T Let Anybody Bully You

LEARN SCIENTIFIC TRICKS OF PHYSICAL MASTERY

Don't pick scraps, but when you're right don't "back water." And don't worry about a man that's bigger and stronger than you are. By a few simple tricks you can have any assailant at your mercy quick as a flash. At last the astounding secrets of self-defense used by the New York Police are revealed in the marvelous, officially recognized system—

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PHYSICAL TRAINING MANUAL

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Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

CHAMPIONS come and go like so many flies! Which goes to prove that the calibre of title-holders of the present generation can never hope to compare for all-around ability with those of another era. The old timers were a sturdier lot. They liked the glory as much as the small money that was in it for them.

During the Horton and Frawley Law days the game wasn't commercialized as it is under the protection of the Walker statutes. They defended their laurels every other week, if it was necessary. Challengers were accommodated if the public thought they were entitled to titular shots. Records show holders of mythical diadems twenty to thirty years ago remained on top of the heap longer than most of their successors put together.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Three titles have changed hands this year in the space of four short months. The first to go into the discard was the bantam held by Eddie (Firecracker) Martin for only four months. Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, a sturdy Harlemite, dethroned him in fifteen one-sided rounds.

Mike Ballerino went all the way to Philadelphia to knock Kid Sullivan off the junior lightweight perch, and on Decoration Day night Mike McTigue was releived of his world light heavyweight crown by Paul Berlenbach. Before 1925 passes into history a successor to Benny Leonard will ascend the vacant lightweight throne, and one or two more changes may be recorded.

Staking his all for the first time since he beat Battling Siki three years ago (you must admire the Singular Senegalese's nerve fighting Mike in Dublin, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day), McTigue didn't exhibit the fistic prowess of a real champion against the crude Berlenbach. Only in the sixth and seventh stanzas when he rocked the so-called Paralyzing Paul with trip-hammer rights on the whiskers did the big Irishman enthuse the 40,000 customers at the big Milk Fund show, held at the Yankee Stadium. After that he folded up, allowing the Astoria, L. I., ex-wrestler to come from behind and earn the decision. The judges, Charles F. Mathison, and Jimmy Collins, and Referee Ed Purdy awarded the "duke" to Paul by a unanimous vote.

The bright particular star of Mrs. W. R. Hearst's charity event was Jimmy Slattery, acknowledged to be an improvement over Jim Corbett at this early stage of his career. The young Buffalo lad created a stir when he annihilated the rough, tough Jack Burke, of Pittsburgh. The referee intervened after two minutes and ten seconds of the second session to save Burke's life. A few more rights on the chin and they would have had to carry him out of the ring. "Slats" gave a remarkable exhibition of scientific boxing, in addition to his heavy artillery.

There is no stopping him now. He is headed for the top rung of the heavyweight ladder. With the possible exception of Harry Greb, there isn't a man his weight, or ten pounds over, that can travel a route with him. He has not only learned to hit but packs sticks of dynamite in both hands. He is a picture to look at in action. Incidentally, he is one of the cleanest looking athletes we have seen in a good many years. In this respect "Slats" has Benny Leonard lashed to the mast. He would make good in pictures as a sheik. He becomes of age this month.

If he doesn't lose his head Slattery will make more money than he can ever hope to spend. He has bought his mother a cozy home in Buffalo. If he ran for mayor he would have no opposition. The upstate fans love the ground he walks on. He is the first pugilistic gem uncovered in that city since the halcyon days of Frank Erne.

Berlenbach is the eleventh holder of the 175-pound laurels, a class founded by the shrewd Lou Housman, of Chicago. Lou exploited Jack Root and before the public knew what was what he hailed him as the first boss. George Gardner succeeded him right quick. Bob Fitzsimmons dethroned Gardner, and two years later Philadelphia Jack O'Brien beat the venerable Ruby Rob. Tommy Burns, Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, Georges Carpentier, Siki and McTigue followed in rapid succession. Dillon, Burns and Fitz were the best of the bunch. They were real fighters.

Tony Marullo came all the way from New Orleans to take a pasting at the hands of Jack Deaney, semi-final to Paul and Mike. Jack speared him with rapier-like lefts and crashing rights. True, Tony was coming like a house on fire in the ninth and tenth rounds but he was beaten thoroughly by his cleverer antagonist. Delaney gave a masterful exhibition, playing second fiddle to Slattery.

When the Milk Fund, Gibbons-Tunney and Italian Hospital Fund cards were arranged and the dates alloted so that they tripped over one another, the cry arose that they wouldn't make any money. Most of the boys shed tears for the second named show. "Tom and Gene are sandwiched in the middle and Stoneham & Co. will lose their shirts," was the general opinion.

Apparently the wiseacres took too much for granted. The three shows averaged more than $100,000 each on the right side of the ledger. The Milk Fund gross amounted to $172,655 out of which was taken the state five per cent. tax of $8,632.75, leaving a net of $164,022.25. The Tunney-Gibbons encounter drew a "gate" of close to $200,000. The Italian Hospital show was almost a complete sellout. Although the official figures are not available the gross will hit the half million mark. The two charities shared over $200,000 between them after the fighters were paid off and all expenses deducted.

June, in point of activity and large "gates," was one of the best months boxing has enjoyed in a long, long time. Several crackerjack shows were staged at the Queensboro, Dexter Park and Coney Island Stadiums.

Tom McArdle, Lew Raymond's successor at the Queensboro, got off to a rattling start on May 26. He staged three bang-up tens that put him in solid with Promoter Si Flaherty. The greatest featherweight duel seen in a decade was that between Bud Dempsey and Lew Hurley. Ten thousand shivering customers saw Hurley come from behind and batter Bud from pillar to post.

Dempsey's seconds threw in a blood-stained towel as the timekeeper reached the count of "four" in the tenth stanza. For unadulterated action, fierceness of attack and terrific punishment meted out, it was the nearest approach to the never-to-be-forgotten Sharkey-Lynch scrap. The slaughter took the edge off the two remaining tens, in which Bud Taylor outfought the timid Abe Goldstein, and Sid Terris boxed rings around Lew Paluso. The officials, for a change, rendered perfect decisions.

Dempsey sliced a cut about an inch deep over Hurley's left eye that kept him out of competition for almost three weeks. Bud received an unmerciful licking. This was their third meeting. Several months ago they battled six hard fought rounds to a draw. In the second fight in ten rounds Dempsey was awarded the verdit on a silver platter. It was a treat for the eye to watch Terris outbox, outmaneuvre and use Paluso for a punching bag in nine of ten sessions. Sid proved beyond question that he can lick boys like Paluso without half trying.

That the New York State Athletic Commission is determined to put a stop to flagrant foul fighting, irrespective of where the old axe falls, was made apparent by the suspensions of Sammy Mandell and Chick Suggs, May 26. Charley Rosen, Joe Glick, Al Wood and Nick Caggiano were set down on June 2 for the same offense. It was thought the board would be lenient in Mandell's case, because the low punch he landed on Jimmy Goodrich's groin in the final bout of the semi-final lightweight elimination round, May 18, was palpably unintentional. "Our action in suspending Mandell," explained Chairman Jim Farley, "is to maintain consistency in the board's rulings." Suggs was set down for fouling Chick Kansas, at the Commonwealth, May 23. Rosen was indefinitely suspended for failing to appear before the Commission to defend himself on a charge of fouling Len Kemp, at the Manhattan, May 22. Glick got sixty days as a third offender for fouling John O'Connor in Troy, and Wood and Caggiano thirty days each.

The lightweight elimination semi-final round held May 18, at the Queensboro, drew an unusually large crowd. The customers saw Sammy Mandell, the big shot, lose to Jimmy Goodrich, of Buffalo, on an unintentional foul; Benny Valger trounce Solly Seeman by a comfortable margin; Clonie Tait knocked out by the Cuban, Olano, and Stanislaus Loayza defeat Tommy White, of Mexico, in seven rounds. Olano's performance enthused the spectators, and all hands agreed that he is a real menace.

The Cuban is a terrific hitter. He bounced rights off Tait's chin as fast as he could move the arm. Goodrich surprised the experts by charging into Mandell at the tap of the first bell. Although Sammy was winning he knew he was in a fight. Valger knew too much for the sturdy Seeman.

Another popular fight manager who has made good as a matchmaker is Joe Jacobs. He took over the reins of the Dexter Park Stadium on May 28 and made good right off the reel. His greatest feat was making Frankie Genaro see the light and come out of hiding and fight for a change. The American flyweight king defeated Harold Smith. Jacobs knows the game from A to Z and if he puts on attractive cards should be rewarded with a young fortune. Joe is very popular with managers the country over. His experience in a managerial capacity should stand him in good stead in his new undertaking. Good luck, old tomato.

Kid Sullivan, former junior lightweight boss, is practically through. He has been in there ten years or more. It remained for Louis (Kid) Kaplan to sound his death knell by knocking him deader than a mackerel in five rounds at Waterbury, Conn., May 22. The Kid could fight but he was colorless. His greatest performance perhaps was his victory over the ancient Johnny Dundee on which occasion he was crowned 130-pounds champ.

Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg ended his tour in the sticks on June 1 at Covington, Ky. He flattened Al Pettingill in two rounds. The victory proved costly to Rosey. He injured his right hand and was forced to cancel the scheduled bout with Pete Sarmiento, at Cleveland, the following night. Phil and his manager, "Mad" Harry Segal, returned to New York June 3. His stablemate, K. O. Phil Kaplan, knocked out Vic Hirsch on the same card.

Mike Ballerino successfully defended his title against Mickey Brown, at the West New York, N. J., Playgrounds, three weeks ago. He gave Mickey a trimming in twelve one-sided rounds. Mike's next battle will be against Pepper Martin, at the Queensboro, June 29.

American Featherweight Champion Kaplan injured his right hand in the Kid Sullivan scrap, forcing him to cancel the Red Chapman setto, at the Queensboro, June 8, under the auspices of the Long Island B. P. O. Elks. Unable to get a suitable opponent for Chapman the Elks' officials cancelled the show.

Babe Herman is a terror in the path of southpaws. He trimmed Lew Mayrs, a sidewheeler, in ten interesting rounds, at Baltimore, May 22. The Babe is anxious to battle Danny Kramer, socking Philadelphian. A Herman-Kramer bout will pack 'em in at any club.

Georgie Ward is going big again. In spite of a setback at the hands of Willie Harmon, the Elizabeth, N. J., Flash hasn't lost a fight in ten. He proved he could hit two weeks by stopping Frankie Vinchell, in one minute and fifty-two seconds of the seventh round. Georgie deserves a shot at Mickey Walker's mythical diadem.

Eddie Flank, Harlem bantam, may never be seen in Gotham rings again unless he makes his peace with the Commission. He was indefinitely suspended for running out of a fight with Al Brown, at the Commonwealth, May 16. This was his third or fourth offense.

Sid Terris and Johnny Dundee collided in their return match at the opening of the Coney Island Stadium, June 9. Promoter John Leon got off to a healthy start. The Coney Island arena is one of the finest in the country. It is absolutely fireproof. But he'll have to put on headliners if he expects to make any money.

Joe Benjamin arrived from Los Angeles taking a few shots at Ace Hudkins, his conqueror in ten rounds. Joe says Hudkins is a fifth or six rater. We'll wager Ace is a good fighter.

Willie Harmon, East Side welter, who was beaten by Pinkey Mitchell and Pete Latzo, bobbed up with a broken right hand on the eve of his battle with Sergeant Sammy Baker, at the Queensboro, June 1. Larry Estridge jumped in at the last minute. The negro middleweight champion had seven pounds advantage in the weights over the Mitchel Field soldier. Baker upset the dope by handing Larry a neat lacing.

Georgie Smith made a good showing when he trounced Billy Conley at the Milk Fund Show in a six-rounder. George is showing better each time out. He is being handled by Billy East.

Lew Karp, former amateur welterweight titleholder, is ready to step out against the money-makers. Lew holds decisions over many of the boys who are now fighting for real money and there is no reason why he can't repeat now. Two of his former victims are going great guns around the various New York clubs—Bernie Hufnagle and Joe Canamere.

Izzy Cooper, the west side "fighting fool," is still batting them around at a high average. Izzy recently furnished Carl Duane with two slambang encounters, and although blowing the decisions Izzy made certain that Duane was in a real fight.

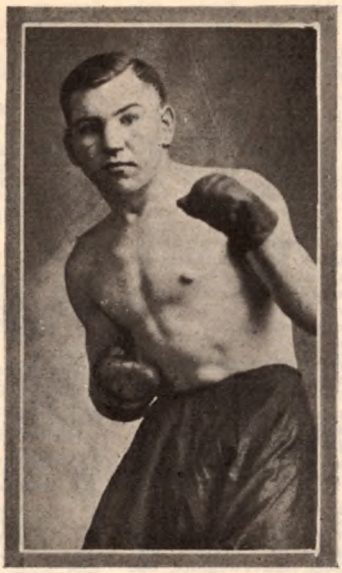
Joey Kaufman, Coney Island flash, staged a real surprise when he held the rough and hard hitting Johnny Rocco, of New Rochelle, to a draw at the manhattan Casino a few weeks ago. Rocco, who hda given Stanislaus Loayza two great fights at the Commonwealth, was expected to annihilate Joey. But, on the contrary, Rocco was forced to stage a rally in the last round to get a draw.

Willie Maher, a Pacific Coast bantam, who is around these parts trying to hook up with opposition in his class, looks very good in his gymnasium workouts. He is being handled by Larry Brown of Brooklyn.

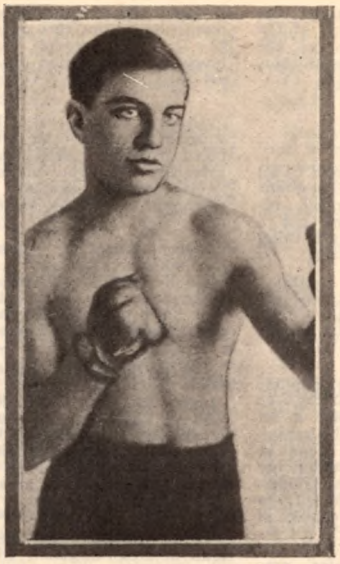
Rob Martin, who brought out many famous amateur stars is now touting the prowess of Willie Harvey, a Trenton featherweight. Harvey, according to Rob, has tangled with the best of them around Jersey, including Lew Paluso, Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Chick Kansas and Patsy Johnson. Martin is anxious to get him started against any opponent obtainable weighing 126 pounds.

Three more East Side lads are making more than good in Gotham fisticuffs. We refer to Charley Rosen, lightweight; Harry Felix, junior light, and Ruby Goldstein, feather. Felix hasn't lost a decision in forty starts. He is a stablemate of Sid Terris'. There are many that believe Harry is a better fighter than Sidney. That's to be seen. The fact remains, however, that Felix keeps on winning. Manager Danny Caplin is anxious to match

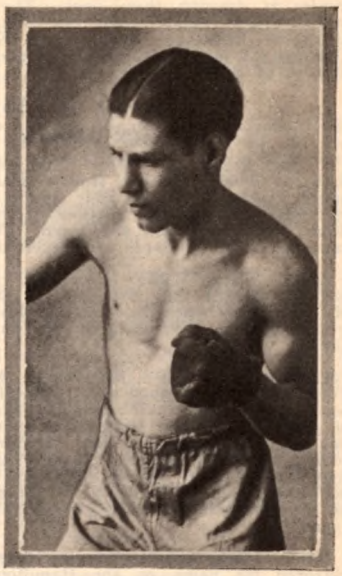
Jones "Wildcat" Lennings, middleweight champion of the South.



Ralph Hood, Charlotte, N. C., welter, ready to tackle anyone in his division.



Johnny Mellow, Detroit lightweight, eager to try conclusions with anyone around his weight.



Eddie Lewis, classy flyweight from Minneapolis, who is making headway.

him with either Babe Herman or Champion Mike Ballerino. Rosen was going great guns until he clashed with Len Kemp. He was winging in front when he fouled the Englishman. Goldstein improves as he goes along. He has a bright future before him.

Johnny Keyes and Pepper Martin are smoking the pipe of peace. Pep returned to the fold two weeks ago begging forgiveness and all that. Martin made a world of money under Johnny's management.

Chick Kenny, sheik of Tin Ear Alley, is gathering together a formidable stable of fighters. Watch his smoke.

Joe Wagner, former bantam star, who discovered and developed Jack Sharkey into the big money class, is right back into the game again with a new find. Joe, after being on the sidelines for over a year, has come forth with George Cuneo, a seventeen-year-old bantam of promise.

Georgie is only a novice but is the possessor of a left hand that gets him by. He has won his seven starts under Wagner and gets better with each start.

Paul Gulotta, former amateur champion in the lightweight class, wishes to inform the pugilistic public that he is now under the management of Johnny Bonura, who handled him successfully through the amateur ranks. Johnny trained and managed him from the start and he intends to lead him to the top in their professional venture. Paul has all the makings of a future champ and with some industrious training and sincere effort to improve should make a name for himself.

Ruby Goldstein, the best prospect developed on the east side since the preliminary days of Sid Terris, continues to impress with each start. Goldstein has speed and cleverness, packs dynamite in his right cross and carries plenty of power in his left hook.

The stiffest test that he has been forced to face is Spencer Gardner, of Newport, R. I. Ruby handled him like a baby in their six-round affair and had him on the verge of a knockout in the second round.

Sergt. Sammy Baker, the Mitchel Field clouter, has become a contender for the welterweight crown. In his last four starts he knocked out Paddy Ryan, Buck Arbuckle and Henry Shaw. The other bout resulted in an easy ten-round victory over Eddie Shevlin, king of the New England welters. Baker boasts of terrific hitting powers in his right mitt and anyone he hits is bound to drop. Keep your eyes on his future accomplishments.

Willus Britt, the erstwhile Philadelphian, is now residing in New York and intends to settle here permanently. He is associated with Benny Feinberg in the management of "Italian" Joe Gans and Lew Chester, middleweights.

Feinberg and Britt intend to open the Broadway Exhibition Association of Brooklyn this coming winter, installing a balcony that will enlarge the seating capacity by 1,500.

Sammy Dorfman, flyweight, is causing quite a rumpus in the amateur ranks. Sammy, under the tutelage of Frank Jacobs, has been defeating everyone in impressive fashion and will be a finished product when he is ready to step out against the money makers.

Max Meyer, the pint-sized manager of Leo Gates, is also touting the capabilities of Willie Dillon, so-called Cuban lightweight champion. Dillon is making his home in New York and is anxious to take on any of our leading lightweights.

Charley Regan, former New York middleweight, is doing his scrapping on the Pacific Coast and reports that he is doing well. Charley has taken on the toughest of the western bunch and is still alive to tell the tale.

Harry Herron, the rugged New York bantam, appears to be getting better in each start. He defeated Al Scorda in a twelve-round affair at Patchogue and followed up with a ten-round victory over Mickey Walters in Stamford, Conn. Herron is the boy who succeeded in putting a stop to the knockout streak of Ruby Goldstein by lasting the six rounds.

Frankie Fasano, under the management of Bob Levy, showed startling improvement by whipping Jack Sharkey at the Manhattan Club a few weeks ago. Sharkey entered the ring a favorite but he was a badly beaten warrior after the fight was over.

NEWS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster bantam, recently won the Judges' decision over Abe Friedman of Boston, in an eight-round bout at Lancaster. Stoy floored his man in the third round. Two weeks later Stoy lost a close twelve-round decision to Al Corbett of Cleveland.

Eddie Ochs, of Lancaster, suffered a knockout at the hands of Al Gordan of Philadelphia, at the Arena Club. A left to the jaw put Eddie out of the running. They are featherweights.

Indian Russell, Harrisburg flyweight, was eliminated by Matty Dechter, of Philadelphia, in the tournament held at the Cambria Club, Philadelphia, to develop a champion in the 112-lb. division of Pennsylvania. Russell is slipping fast.

Jackie Waltz, Lebanon's popular lightweight, is back in town again after a few weeks' vacation in Canada. Jackie had two fights during his stay up North and won both.

Len Brenner, of Lancaster, won on a foul from Pete Zivic, Pittsburgh bantam, at Lancaster. The fight was about even until it was stopped. Willie Patterson, of Philadelphia, and Battling Willard of Lancaster, fought to a draw in the semi-final.

Jimmy McAllister, Reading's K. O. artist, was held to a draw by Ray Gibbons, also of Reading.

Hum Arnold, of Reading, has been showing good form. He has stopped his last three opponents. Hum is a heavyweight.

Dick Gotwalt, flyweight battler of York, got a lacing from Al Granger of Phoenixville in an eight round bout at Philadelphia. Dick kissed the canvas in the eighth round for a nine count.

Our old friend Bill Rutherford is putting on some mighty good shows at Allentown. Bill has some of the best play-boys of the resin signed to do their stuff at his outdoor shows this summer.

Steve Nitchie is kept busy battling the boys in Lancaster. Steve is a good crowd pleaser and always gives the fans a run for their money.

George Eagel, globe-trotter, who is fighting around Allentown, won from Pete August of New York, on a foul in their fight at Allentown.

Jack Eshelman, Harrisburg middleweight, dropped an eight-round decision to Vincent Lopez at the Arena Club, Philadelphia. Ivy sure has T. N. T. in his left, but is as wild as a snow storm with it at times.

Davy Fry of York, held Jimmy Ireland of Philadelphia to a draw in an eight-round fight at Chester. Davy has been going well of late.

Len Brenner nd Steve Nitchie, Lancaster fighters, journeyed to Atlantic City and each scored a victory. Brenner beat Harry Scott in eight rounds, and Nitchie outpointed Tony Russo, a tough one from the seaside, in six rounds.

"Tiger" Loy, a scrappy little flyweight of Lebanon, is training hard for several fights his manager has booked for him. Loy should go a long way in the game if they don't try to rush him to the front too fast.

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. WEATHERBEE.

On May 6, what proimsed to be the greatest fight ever staged in Bangor came to a sudden end in the second round when Charley Baxter of Pawtucket, R. I., who was driven into the ropes by a hail of blows from Tony Mandell, the Worcester Firecracker, tumbled through and broke two ribs. Mandell asked Referee Barry to allow Baxter a few minutes rest and a chance to continue, but the club physician decided this impossible. Mandell, one of the greatest little fighting machines ever seen here, was leading at time of the accident, and gets the honor of being the only man to score a K.O. over Baxter.

Hats off to Ed Bennett and Billy Barry! Their Baxter-Mandell bout was the first show to be a financial success since the Bangor aldermen lifted the lid, several months ago.

Chick Hayes, of the Kelly-Hayes gym of Boston, is now matchmaker for the Arena A. C. in Portland. In his opening show, Lou Bedell, local former mystery man, spilt the dope by outpointing Newport Johnny Brown in six rounds.

Tommy Travers of Biddeford brought Tommy Fleurant and Young Brown up to the recent Bangor show. Fleurant handed Joe Ross, of Jack Murphy's stable, a neat pasting, and Brown trounced Cyclone St. Louis, Old Town Welterweight, both six-rounders.

Cyclone St. Louis, who is being hailed as the much sought "Local Champ" by Bangor and vicinity, nearly met his Waterloo in his ninth bout when Young Brown put him on the floor four times in the first round. Local papers gave St. Louis a draw but we thought Brown had five rounds, the sixth being even.

Elzear Rioux, of Montreal, knocked out Walter Ellingwood, local heavyweight, in two rounds, at Lewiston recently.

Bobby Joseph, of Waterville, still retains much of the old skill, as he showed when he held Bing Conley even at Augusta. Joseph held the state middleweight title a few years back.

Shorty Smith, better known as Young Harry Wills, is the latest Bangor boxer to re-enter the ring. The prospects of a lively summer in fistic

circles is drawing them back. The Bangor promoters are Ed Bennett, Box 73; Billy Barry, of the Penobscot Exchange Hotel; Harry Katron, of the University Lunch (all of Bangor), and Duncan McDonald, of South Brewer.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS.

A few weeks ago "Pop" Humphries and Phil Richards invated Toronto from England. They engaged Jackie Johnstone and Tommy Mitchell, respectively, in ding-dong battles. Humphries got a draw, but the decision was booed. The same thing happened when Richards also received a draw.

Elmer Watt, Willie Morrissey's hard battling bantam, treated the customers to the best battle of his career when he punched his way to the front and won over a good boy in Johnny McGregor.

The slumber "pill" that Donnie Mack, popular Toronto bantam, slipped over to Ralph McNaughton some months ago, has apparently done him a lot of good. Since Mack bowled him over McNaughton has been a consistent winner. Within ten days he rocked Freddy Vincent to sleep in six rounds and won over Howard Mayberry in ten. The Quebec boy has evidently developed a "poke" himself, as he also had Mayberry on the canvas a couple of times.

Jackie Jones, another invader from Wales, emblazoned his name on the Hamilton sport pages when he "keeled" over a good boy in Mickey McDonald in two rounds. Jones looks to be a smart performer.

Homer LeBlanc, an aggressive, hard-punching bantam from McKeesport, Pa., is in Canada looking for action. LeBlanc is a pleasing performer.

Alec Burley, a smart flyweight from the same stable as Elmer Watt, gave Frenchy Belanger a nice, neat boxing lesson at a recent show here.

"One-Eyed" Connelly's Toronto rival, nicknamed "Nervy Nat," continues to "crash" the gates at local shows. He can be seen at every show sitting peacefully among the "boys" smoking his "cherry briar."

It is rumored among the "rialto" that with the advent of the new boxing commission there will be open competition in promoting boxing shows this coming season. In the past only "two clubs" have been operating. Charlie Hallat, who in recent years stimulated the game, running high-class shows, is making efforts to come back. This will be good news to many managers and boxers, as Hallat has the reputation of being the best "payer" we ever had here. Hallat was responsible for the Jimmy Wilde-Patsy Wallace fight, that drew over $40,000, as well as other cracking good attractions.

Cy Pook and Harry Henning were to have settled their grievances in St. Thomas a few days ago, but an injury to Pook's nose prevented him from doing battle

The many friends of Freddie Crompton, former lightweight boxer, will be sorry to learn that he is in St. Joseph's Hospital. Fred has been suffering with leg ailments for some time past. A cheery letter from those that know him will be appreciated by this former big-hearted fighter.

Bobby Eber, former bantam champion, is making desperate efforts to get back into shape. Eber, a peer among the bantams, would have made a lot of money had he trained faithfully.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By HUGH SHANNON

The American Legion boxing show in aid of disabled soldiers starts the outdoor season hereabouts and if the advance sale is any criterion, it looks like a sellout; no show in years in this section has received the publicity that has been heaped upon this show.

The Suffolk A. A. loaned the Legion their charter, which will cut down expenses to the tune of $800 and practically every matchmaker in Boston assisted the committee with this show. Alec McLean, long and favorably known in boxing circles, is in charge, and in signing Jim Maloney and Jack Sharkey for the main bout he made a ten strike and when these huskies answer the bell New Englanders will witness their own "Battle of the Century."

Jim Maloney defeated Joe Stoessel here this month in a bout that was replete with action from start to finish. Maloney carried seven of the ten rounds but Stoessel was in there all the time battling as if his life depended on the outcome and in the third frame he caught Jimmy flush on the jaw and it looked bad for the South Boston boy but the bell clanged and the minute's rest found Maloney a new man and from then on Maloney was complete master of the situation.

George Cook was the recipient of one of those famous "Boston" decisions in his bout with Jack Sharkey here this month. The Australian Cook who, in the opinion of the writer is the best foreign heavyweight to invade these shores in years, was clearly entitled to the decision which he did not get, but his showing against Sharkey has made him in this section, and he is hot after the winner of the Maloney-Sharkey go. His next effort will be against Pa and Ma's boy, Billy Stribling, in Boston this month and from this angle it looks as if the Georgia boy is in for a rough session. Seldom has a visiting boxer been accorded the reception that befell Cook at the conclusion of his bout with Sharkey.

Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo boy who is cutting a wide swath in the ranks of the light heavies, is billed to appear here against Johnny Gill, the Pennsylvania boy, who managed to remain upright for twelve rounds against Paul Berlenbach and who promises to do the same for Buffalo Jimmy.

Harry Goldstein, whom Jim Toland is grooming for bantam title honors, defeated Joey Williams of New Bedford in the main bout of the Salem A. A. this month in a torrid struggle. Goldstein is a real hard punching bantam and is sure to be heard from under Toland's direction.

Joe ("Hambone") Kelley is in strict training for bouts that his mentor, Johnny McGrath, has arranged for the Babe Ruth of the middleweights. Kelley, when in condition, is a real tough assignment for any one of his weight. His last bout was with Ernie McCabe of Montreal, whom he stopped in two rounds. One of the Boston promoters is trying to arrange a bout between Kelley and "Tiger" Flowers.

It is rumored that the Armory A. A., the oldest club in New England, will resume its activities next month with a main bout between heavyweights, one of whom is King Solomon, Joe Woodman's latest protege. Heavyweight bouts are the rage hereabouts and promoters are scouring the woods for new talent to appease the fans.

Larry Sweeney, dean of local boxing writers, bitterly excoriated the judges who officiated at the bout between Jim Maloney and Jack Sharkey and in his column of the Boston Globe suggested that the Boxing Commission put judges to a test as to their ability to properly judge a boxing contest. And as Boxing Commissioner Eugene Buckley is also connected with the Globe, it is interesting to know what becomes of Larry's suggestion.

TEXAS AND SOUTHWEST NOTES

By DON CEE

Elite boxing gentry of the Southwest are stepping into their own these hot summer months as there are dozens of he smaller towns and cities that are staging weekly and semi-monthly shows, San Antonio has two shows each month in the ball park. Fort Bliss, out in the extreme west end of Texas, has been drawing great houses in the new open air stadium. Wichita Falls is doing well with two big shows per month, and Dallas is doing well.

Many of the smaller centers also report good attendance to their attractions. Among the smaller Texas towns now enjoying boxing are Paris, Cleburne, Waco, Mercedes, Brackenridge, Fort Clark, Kelly Field, near San Antonio; Corpus Christi and Austin occasionally puts over a show.

Boxing in Mexico is sleeping over the summer months and the larger arenas are drawing nothing. The promoters are suffering heavy losses because the better boys cannot afford to remain in Mexico to accept the present small purses and the unknown boys will not draw. Mexico lost its best drawing card when Tommy White of Texas City went to New York to box in the lightweight tournament. Kid Pancho Flores, the star flyweight of San Antonio, is a good drawing card in North Mexico arenas and is being beseeched by the promotores Mexicana to appear for them, but the San Antonio kid's manager is keeping him busy in Texas and surrounding states, where he has been cleaning up among the little fellows.

Tommy White, who fought Stanislaus Loayza, South American lightweight champion, in the lightweight elimination tournament in New York, is back at his home in Texas to allow his infected nose to heal up.

Mike Vasquez, of El Paso, won a twelve-round decision over Stanley McBride, of Chicago, at Schawb Field. San Antonia. Vasquez, though not quite up to his usual tearing, slashing form, won every round from his slower opponent, who appeared to be waiting for one punch which he never got an opportunity to land. Vasquez then was matched to box Mickey Riley.

"Kid" Pancho (the original Kid Pancho), of San Antonio, has changed his ring name and hereafter will be known by his full and correct name, that of Pancho Flores. Pancho made this decision when, on returning from the East in January, he found that there were no less than five young Mexican boxers in the Southwest and in Mexico who were using the ring name of "Kid" Pancho, so in order that the boxing promoters will not confuse the original Pancho with the others, "Kid" Pancho, the flyweight champion of the Southwest and of the Republic of Mexico, hereafter will be known as Pancho Flores.

Pancho Flores has won seven straight bouts since March, four of them via the kayo route. His most notable victories were knockouts over Joe McComas, Joey Epstein, Red Selvage and Danny Bowen and twelve round decisions over Delos Kid Williams and Louis Martin.

Windmill Jimmy Barrera, the fighting clown, is back in San Antonio from the coast where he had been on a year's cruise in the Navy. While around the California sea port towns, he turned in some good fights. Barrera is unconsciously funny in the ring though being a tough nut for any welterweight to crack and while fighting every minute he is in there, his locomotion and general ring technique invariably excite the fans to mirth.

Young Jack Spence, the San Antonio heavyweight, recently was kidded into accepting a match against Martin Burke at Baton Rouge. Result, Spence was stopped in the second round. Burke is a tough veteran of long experience and Spence is a young comer who needs plenty of experience before tackling men like Burke.

Jack Shelton, the San Antonio promoter of fistic fiestes, finds time outside of his fishing and camping activities to put over two well-patronized fight shows per month in his new Schaub Field open air location.

The boxers traveling through San Antonio to and from the coast are always favored by Shelton and are given the opportunity of showing their stuff before the Alamo City fans.

Shelton is looking for good legitimate 112-pound flyweights to match against Pancho Flores, who has been cutting the little fellows down all through the Southwest lately.

Al Mayen and Mickey Young are two of San Antonio's bantamweight preliminary kids who will soon be stepping with the main bout boys. The two kids have been steadily forging their way through the prelim ranks for the past year until now they are working in special events and semi-windups, as soon as they work in a few small town main bouts, San Antone fans will probably have the opportunity of seeing them top some of the big shows.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By COLMAN J. NEE

Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo's fistic idol, came through in glorious style when he flattened Jack Burke, Pittsburgh heavyweight, in two rounds at the Milk Fund show in New York. Slattery was too fast and hit too often for Burke, who made a game try of it but was decidedly outclassed. Burke has plenty of company now for it is doubtful if there is a middleweight in the world, including Harry Greb, that can beat Slattery.

Slattery is not only the fastest big fellow in the ring but he is getting to be a terrible puncher as well. "Slats" hits in the style made famous by Kid McCoy. He snaps his punches, both lefts and rights, and his left hand is so accurate and speedy that it is almost impossible to make any kind of a showing with him.

In the writer's opinion, Slattery could be middleweight and light-heavyweight champion of the world to-morrow if he could get championship matches with Greb and Berlenbach.

However, Slattery's future is in the heavyweight division. He may never be bigger than a light-heavyweight in poundage but he will beat all the big fellows in the game in another year.

The Buffalo Irishman is only 20 years old.

While Slattery has been beating all comers in the East two of his fellow townsmen, Tommy Ryan, bantamweight, and Frankie Schoell, welterweight, are cleaning up on the Pacific Coast.

Ryan has been beating all the bantams in sight in the Far West and will be back East in July to try for the title match with Champion Phil Rosenberg. Tommy almost won the championship from Goldstein and he is getting better right along.

Frankie Schoell accepted a match with Jimmy Duffy of Oakland at San Francisco in a hurry. Frankie subbed for Dave Shade and only had a week to prepare himself but he gave Oakland Duffy a sweet pasting. He followed this up by beating Bob Sage of Detroit at Oakland and boxing a draw with Frankie Denny. The newspapers all favored Schoell over Denny.

Schoell has his eye on a match with Mickey Walker and San Francisco may stage this title scrap in August.

Buffalo fight clubs have been idle the past few weeks but will be going again soon. The probabilities are that no more indoor shows will be staged but the baseball park will soon see some open air matches of real class.

Some of the attractions that are expected for Buffalo this Summer are: Carl Tremaine, Cleveland, vs. Tommy Ryan, Buffalo, bantamweights; Rocky Kansas, Buffalo, vs. Sammy Mandell or Jimmy Goodrich, lightweights; Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo, vs. Jock Malone, St. Paul, middleweights; Frankie Schoell, Buffalo, vs. Dave Shade, New York; Art Weygant, Buffalo, vs. Tiger Flowers, Atlanta, middleweights.

Art Weygant, a southpaw middleweight, is the latest young prospect around here. Weygant jumped into popularity at the last Velodrome Club's show when he knocked out Tony Stabeneau, Buffalo heavyweight, in six rounds. Weygant is a murderous hitter and is improving in leaps and bounds. Vince Plunkett of this city is his manager.

Jack Oakes, Buffalo's hard hitting negro welterweight, added another knockout to his long list when he stopped George Perrotta of Jimmie Dime's New Castle stable in the tenth round at Erie, Pa., May 27. Oakes gave Perrotta quite a beating be-

fore he knocked him out. Perrotta put up a game fight but was outclassed.

Oakes is after matches with the best at 147. He is a corking good welter but has been giving away too much weight.

Eddie Welsh, South Bend middleweight, is making Buffalo his home. Welsh is a clever lad with a good punch. He lost a fight to Jack Oakes and then won the next one from the dark boy. He also knocked out Frankie Ritz at Erie, Pa., in six rounds. Welsh is after a match with Frankie Schoell and will be accommodated when Frankie comes home from the west.

Jimmy Goodrich, Buffalo boy, is doing well in the lightweight tournament. With Terris and Mandell already eliminated Goodrich has a fine chance to win out. If he does not win the title Jimmy will get a match here with Rocky Kansas this Summer.

Johnny Rose, former New York and Toronto bantamweight, is making Buffalo his home. Rose is one of the best 118-pounders in the game and has a decision over Champion Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg.

Boxing shows will be staged all Summer at the Niagara Falls, Ont., Arena. Charlie Hallet, well-known Toronto promoter, has organized the Arena A. C. in that city and will put on some big shows.

When the writer was in Montreal several weeks ago he made the acquaintance of "Slitkin and Slotkin," famous boy managers of Montreal. This team is well known throughout Canada and they have a stable of boxers larger than that of Leo P. Flynn.

Another famous character around Montreal is Jockey Fleming, former rider of thoroughbreds. Fleming didn't have a dime a few years ago but is now a rich man. He is a lover of boxing and backs his favorites to win with plenty of cash.

BOXING NOTES OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

By PATSY DONOVAN

Honey Boy Finnegan, local favorite, easily defeated Johnnie Dundee before a record gathering for the District of Columbia. More than 5,000 fans packed the quarters of the National Capitol Sporting Club to see the much touted Dundee receive one of the most severe lacings he has ever taken. Finngan started out in the very first round and out-boxed the aged Dundee. As the bout progressed the Honey boy came all the faster and was a mile ahead at the final bell.

Terry O'Day, local bantam, was handed a pretty tough break here when Referee Kid Sullivan ruled him knocked out at the hands of Manny Sharkey of Baltimore. From the outset Sharkey continually used the kidney punch and was warned on two occasions by Referee Sullivan. Late in the third round Sharkey caught O'Day with a round house kidney blow with the heel of his glove that practically paralyzed the local boy. Sullivan ruled that although the punch was illegal the same was delivered unintentional and he could not disqualify Sharkey.

Joe Bashara appeared at the Washington Barracks against his old rival, Jack Turner, and easily won the popular decision. Turner set a merry pace for four rounds but seemed to tire very quickly.

During the month a new boxing club appeared in the field. Under the direction of Norman Marsh, local fight manager, the Washington A. C. opened its doors at the Arcade. In the feature bout Young Dencio, beat Little Jeff over the 10-round route. In their second show Al Foreman beat the aged Freddie Jacks.

Major Gordon, District Attorney, has ruled that boxing under the club membership as being conducted by the National Capital Sporting Club is a violation of the District law, therefore the monthly show of this club was called off at the last minute when the District Attorney threatened to arrest the principals. The French champion, Mascart, was billed to meet Mickey Travers in the feature bout of the show.

Owing to the mixup relative to boxing in the District of Columbia, the Washington Barracks called off its regular show on May 25, rather than embarrass the District Attorney in his efforts to discontinue boxing in the District of Columbia.

The private clubs about Washington are still running their monthly shows and will continue to do so the entire summer if boxing is banned in the public clubs.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

As yet no one seems to want to take a chance staging fights in Atlanta, and consequently not a single show has been staged here this year. The fans are wondering if they will be entertained in the line of fisticuffs before the year rolls out.

Larry Avera, junior welter champion of the South, again demonstrated his superiority over Billy Brown, junior middleweight of Memphis, when the local Irishman was awarded the decision in ten rounds at Montgomery. Larry is preparing for a journey to Havana, where promoters are trying to hook the Southern champion up with the Cuban titleholder.

Another local battler who is being sought after by the Cuban promoters is Lew Silver, hard hitting dental student. Silver is out of school for his Summer vacation, and according to his manager, Max Abelson, he is rounding the little fellow into shape for the Summer offerings.

Ed Alexander of Savannah is strong for his little bantam, Piky May, a promising youngster. May recently boxed Benny Regan for the Southern 118-pound title. The Legion in Augusta staged the fight and offered a belt to the winner. The result was that the referee stopped the fight in the 10th round and awarded May a technical kayo over Regan. According to "Stormy" Mott, manager of Regan, the boys are to meet again July 4, as their last meeting was hotly contested and Regan's showing was such that entitled him to another chance.

Billy McGowan has returned from Buffalo. McGowan, after being kayoed by Jimmy Slattery in two rounds, boxed Benny Ross and managed to stay the limit, although McGowan kissed the canvas six times in as many rounds.

Andy Bowen, junior lightweight of Washington, and Lukie Tenner, southern junior lightweight, boxed a ten-round draw in Savannah. The boys put up a fast battle all the way.

The Stribling family, consisting of Pa and Ma, Willie and Baby Stribling, are now on a cross-country journey in a special built auto similar to the make of a Pullman car. The Striblings left here June 1 and will not return until some time in September.

Tiger Flowers is about ready to quit the game. Flowers is well fixed financially and is the owner of quite a bit of property. His income is such that he will always manage to keep the wolf away from the door.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

By BILLY LEWIS

At last the Cuddy De Marco-Jack Zivic fight is over and Cuddy crossed up the wise boys and gave Jack a real licking in their ten round fight held at Forbes Field last month for the Pitstburgh Milk and Ice Fund.

To "Red" Mason goes a lot of credit for Cuddy's win for the cunning fox, "Red," knew what had to be done just at the right time and Cuddy did it and sure did a good job of it. He showed that a good, clever boxer with a fast left hand and a good head can always lick a rough, tearing boy like Zivic. Now that is all over they want it again and chances are we will see the boys box in the open air show before the summer is over.

The game is pretty dead around these parts. It is doubtful if it will liven up before fall.

For some reason known only to himself, George Jaffer has decided to give up the idea of holding boxing shows at his Academy Theatre and it looked like a good bet and the fans cannot understand why he decided against it. When Jaffer passes up the chance to make any of the old Do Ra Me then something is wrong some place.

First we hear Durgrene Garden is going to hold shows and then we hear it is all off, so all we can do is wait and see what they decide to do.

Charleroi, Pa., is going to hold open air shows this summer with Cuddy De Marco, Willie Davis, and Freddie Boylstein, the box office bet, and as all three are going good, they'll pull them in.

Harry Greb wants a shot at the new champ of the light heavies and if he can get it, put up another win for Harry.

The fight bugs are watching for the Zivic-Tendler fight and the De Marco-Red Wagner fight and it looks like a win for both Zivic and De Marco.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

(The Evening Bulletin)

Lew Tendler picked out one of the hottest spells of the season to get in shape for his recent fight with Jack Zivic. While Lew was punching the bag and doing gymnasium work, the thermometer was shooting around the 97 and 98 mark.

Owing to the illness of his mother, Johnny Burns has temporarily postponed his trip to the Pacific Coast. Burns was all set to take Nate Goldman, Frankie Ferro, Johnny Jadich and Marty Gold to California for bouts.

Efforts will be made to get Benny Bass, the rising star in the Phil Glassman stable, lined up with Louis (Kid) Kaplan at one of the Philadelphia ball parks before the summer is over.

Pussy Walker has issued a challenge to meet Davie Adelman in a return bout.

Pete Moran was impressed with Bobby Wolgast's recent victory over Jack West at Atlantic City. Moran plans to keep Wolgast in action throughout the summer months. He has had many offers for him.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, the clever lad in Max (Boo Boo) Hoff's ranks, is booked up for some important outdoor battles this summer.

Herman (Muggsy) Taylor, who promotes the open air bouts at Shibe Park, with Bobby Gunnis, is sorry that he did not invest some of his money in Florida real estate when he was down there the past winter. Some of Taylor's friends bought property and have more than doubled their investments already.

Johnny Moseley, the Atlantic City lightweight, who has been on the sidelines for a while, will get back in action soon. Chick Fisher has him in good shape again.

Sammy Hahn has picked up a real star in Dave Adelman, the coal region lad, who recently won the Cambria tournament.

Danny Kramer, Hoff's sock 'em and rock 'em fighter, is all set to appear in a flock of open air shows; and Philadelphians insist that Kramer will make trouble for all his opponents.

Marty Gold underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils and adenoids. He will take a short vacation and then be ready to swap punches with any of the boys in his division.

Jimmy Daugherty made a flying trip to San Francisco in order that he could second George Godfrey in his recent battle with Jack Renault. Before leaving the Baron of Leiperville said "Philadelphia will have two champions this year in the Athletics and Godfrey."

MILWAUKEE NEWS

By FRED SADDY

Walter Grayjack has become a big favorite here and it looks as if the local featherweight finally has hit his stride. After stopping Joe Wycko in seven rounds Walter took on Joey Clein and was victorious in one of the best fights held around this part of the country in years. The boys are wanted for a rematch. Grayjack has won newspaper decisions over Joey Sanger and Ernie Goozeman.

Billy Bortfield carried too many guns for Joe Sielaff and Referee Walter Houlehan was forced to stop the fight in the fourth round to save Joe from further punishment. Sielaff gave a wonderful exhibition of gameness and he was given a big ovation when he left the ring. On the semi, Dave Forbs of Chicago, won the popular decision from Jack Schoendorf in eight rounds.

Pinky Mitchell is the proud father of an eight-pound baby boy. Pinky said that the little chap has all the ear marks of a great battler. Pinky engaged Jimmy Gill at Janesville and the Milwaukee battler chased Gill all over the ring. Gill was forced to do a Nurmi to go the route.

Wisconsin is likely to have open air oxing in a very short time. The bill has passed the Senate and is expected to pass the Assembly. Gov. Blaine is in favor of the bill. This will give Milwaukee promoters an opportunity to seek big matches. The first big affair most likely will be between Pinky Mitchell and Mickey Walker.

Harry Kahn, local southpaw star, is back from the coast where he assisted Mickey Walker for the Lefty Cooper fight. While out there Harry engaged in a couple of fights, meeting with great success. Mickey Walker and Jack Kearns predict a bright future for this lad.

Larry Sobjeck, local light heavyweight, has become a big favorite with Indianapolis fans. He encountered Joe Packo in a great ten round battle. Indianapolis promoters are endeavoring to match Stribling with Sobjeck.

Ted Jamieson has retired from the boxing game. He is now connected with a local automobile concern and is doing well. Ted is still in the twenties and we are willing to bet our marbles that he will get the fever shortly and take another fling at the game.

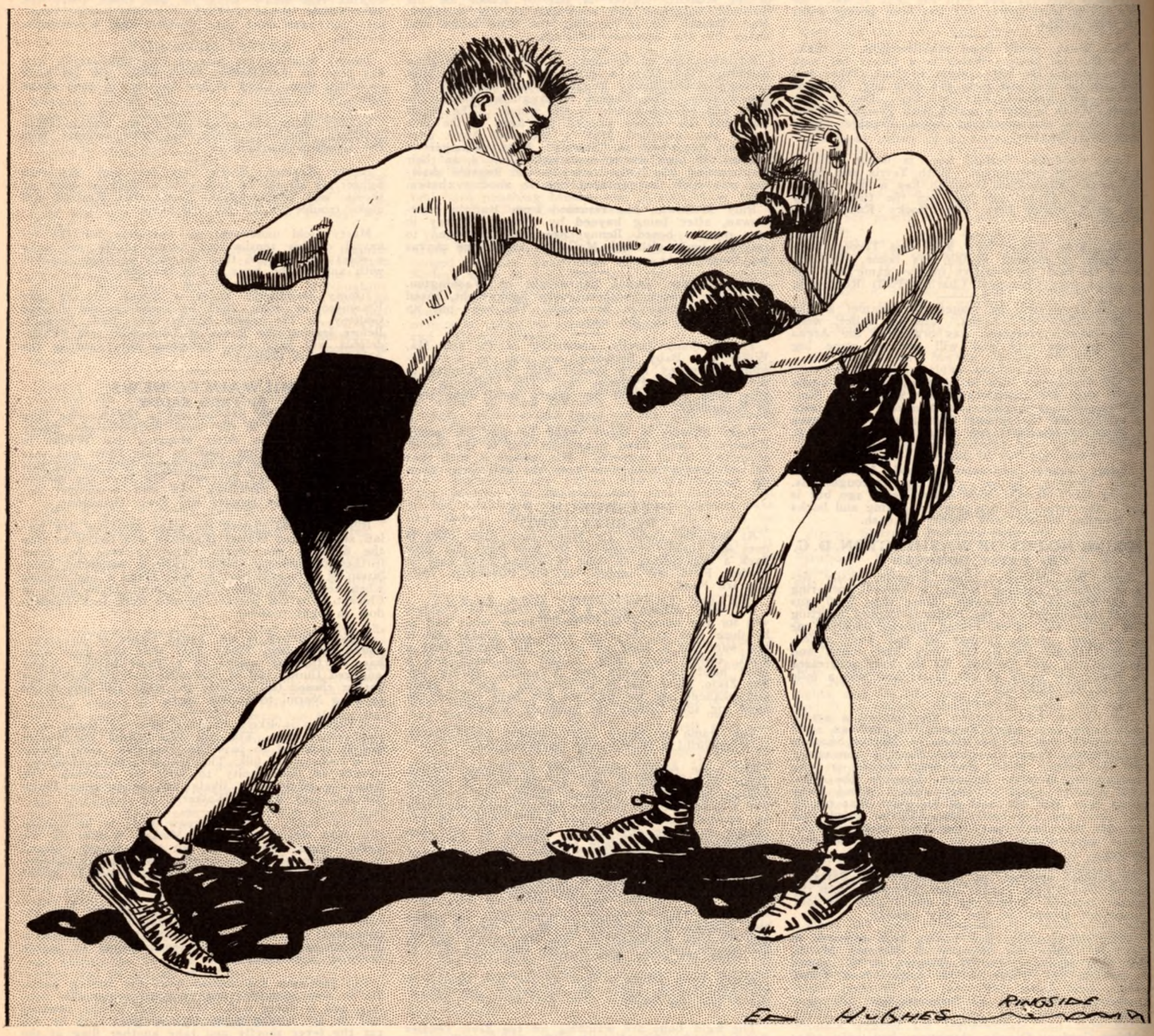
Joey Clein upset the dope bucket when he held Eddie Anderson, Wyoming cowboy, to a ten-round draw at Madison.

Tom S. Andrews, veteran promoters and sports writer, left here recently for Los Angeles where he will act as matchmaker for Jack Root's Vernon arena. Before leaving, he stated that he would return in the fall and renew his efforts to secure a lease on the Auditorium Building, which is the only suitable place to stage boxing bouts. Through Andrew's endeavors, Wisconsin fans have been treated to some mighty high class boxing events.

Out of the game for the past six or seven months, Johnny Mendelsohn has started intensive training for a successful comeback. Johnny is a pleasing fighter and is capable of holding his own with the best of them. Leonrad, Mitchell, Tendler, O'Brien, Zivic and many other good boys are included in Mendelsohn's record. Tough and aggressive, Johnny has yet to taste a K. O. defeat and if memory serves he never has been knocked off of his feet.

After leading for four rounds, Al Corbett, Cleveland featherweight, was forced to retire with a broken hand in his bout with Joey Sangor here June 1. Corbett's style was a complete puzzle to the local boxer. In the opening bout Andy Skaff lost to Billy LaMont. The second bout between Joe Ortez and Pete Mistile was stopped in the fourth round and both boys disqualified for stalling. The semi, a good bout, was won by Buddy McDonald of St. Paul, over Dave Forbs, of Chicago, in eight rounds.

The Blow That Knocked Out Gibbons—By Ed Hughes



Gene Tunney landing the punch that sent Tom down for the first count and paved the way for his great victory. By beating Gibbons decisively, Gene turned a trick Jack Dempsey was unable to do. The victory of Tunney makes him the outstanding white heavyweight

IOWA BOXING NEWS

By CHARLES SIMMONS

Des Moines—From present indications, the boxing game here is showing more signs of life and seems about to rise and take its place among other sports. A delegation of local fans journeyed to Omaha to witness the scrap between Morris Schlaifer, hard hitting Omaha middleweight, and Joe Simonich of Butte, Montana.

Floyd Bowers, a rugged middleweight, has returned to the ring after a month's absence. He plans a stiff summer campaign.

Two local amateur clubs continue to hold weekly shows. They have been drawing to capacity houses during the past few months. Whitey Smith, a tough little flyweight, has been making a nice record in the amateur ranks, and intends to step into the "pro" game next fall.

Many local scrappers have been appearing on the fistic cards staged at Omaha. Glen Milligan recently won from Mike Rozgall, and Everett Strong knocked out Young Kubiak, on their last appearances at Omaha.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES

By NOBLE KID CHISMAN

Tate Langford, Louisville lightweight, showed plenty of class in winning a shade over Abe Kabakoff, of Memphis. Abe is one of the toughest, fightingest men who ever stepped into the ring. They both have the stuff champions are made of and they are good for a return go in Indianapolis.

Louis Epstein, younger brother of Solly and Moxie and Jackie Stewart, rugged flyweight from Louisville, fought six fast rounds to a draw that was full of action.

In another six-round bout, Jackie Dugan of Elwood, and Eddie Smith of Lafayette, fought a fast draw. Matchmaker Kimble was highly congratulated by Governor Jackson and Mayor Shank for his wonderful fight card. It was a wonderful boost to the fight gmae.

The Arcade Gym is the busiest place in town these days as the Fort is open and many of the country's best boys can be seen in action. Harry Greb, Tommy Burns of Detroit, Larry Sobjeck of Milwaukee, Abe Kabakoff of Memphis, Happy Atherton, Don Carson, Tate Langford of Louisville, Ray Hahn, Sidney Glick, Jimmy Finley, southern welter champ, Marion Kepner, Joe Delaney, Joe Paglima, Bill Meyers and many others have worked there. Mike Mitchell and Billy Shine, managers of the gym, will take care of any out-of-town boxer who is without sufficient funds unitl he gets on his feet.

Don Carson, Indianapolis flyweight, who has met many of the best flyweights in the east and the midwest, is working out daily in the Arcade Gym. His manager, Ben Fox, the man who brought out Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute, is mapping out a strenuous campaign for Don on the eastern coast this summer.

Abe Kabakoff, lightweight of Memphis, is in town. Abe has met most of the best featherweights and lightweights in the country, including Red Herring, Willie Jackson, Basil Galiano, Gene Delmont, Bobbie Green and many others in his 12 years of scrapping and makes them all step from the start of the gong till the end.

Jackie Dugan of Elwood, Ind., and Carl Maedor of Cincinnati, Ohio, went 10 slashing rounds to a draw at the Armory in Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Eddie Jacobs, colored bantam flash, has all the

earmarks of Jack Blackburn, the dusky star of years ago. He beat Freando Gonzales, Mexican flyweight, in 8 rounds at Chicago and Rube Rhodes, sparring partner for Bud Taylor, at Danville, Ill., in the semi-windup to the Cooper-Martone bout.

"Farmer" Joe Cooper, midwest lightweight of West New York, Ill., boxed a draw with Mickey O'Dowd at the Armory in Muncie. In the semi-windup, Jackie Dugan of Elwood had to quit in the second round of his bout with Jack Reynolds of Muncie on account of broken ribs.

Fast Black, Indiana's darky welterweight, is in Mexico. He has defeated Bobby Green and "Cowboy" Dillon.

Ray Hahn, Indiana's lightweight champion, under the management of George Beimer, is in training for his bout with Sid Barbarian. He has met such boys as Ralph Brady, Jackie Gross, Jackie Werner, "Farmer" Joe Cooper, Eddie Dyer, Louie Lavell, "Mickey" O'Dowd and Sidney Glick.

Tommy Irvine, welterweight of Tulsa, Okla., under direction of Nate Farb and Arrol Atherton of Indianapolis, is a fighting wildcat in action. He defeated Young Hopwood at Cincinnati, "Piggy" Young at Dayton and Dick Smith at Danville in one week.

Merle Alto, also of the Farb-Atherton stable, who beat "Sailor" Larsen at Champaign, Ill., in a ten-round bout, is matched with Joe Paglima, Kentucky featherweight, at Fort Harrison.

Despite the cold weather, a large crowd was on hand for the recent fights at Fort Benjamin Harrison. In the main go, Joe Packo of Toledo received the decision over Larry Sobjeck of Milwaukee, but Sobjeck deserved at least a draw.

In the semi-windup, "Happy" Atherton outpointed Gene La Rue, Canadian flyweight champion. La Rue sent "Happy" to the canvas writhing in pain with a foul blow in the fifth, but after a five-minute rest Atherton agreed to continue.

Tommy O'Laughlin and Ted White staged a six-round sizzler that was a draw.

Craig Wicks and Tommy O'Hare boxed a four-round draw. Jackie Purvis and Joe Pettley boxed a four-round draw. Lieutenant Porter announced that Joe Paglima and Merle Alte will fight the main go on the next card. George Grammell of Terre Haute did a good job as referee.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

When Gene Tunney stepped in the ring with Tommy Gibbons at New York City, the Greenwich Village idol had the moral support of practically all of Miami's boxing enthusiastics. Tunney is extremely popular in the Magic City where he spent the entire Winter season.

Recently, Jack Middleton, Frankie Moran and K. O. Hartley, a trio of nose denters, who wintered in Miami, made a trip to Havana and engaged in fistic combat with an equal number of Cubans and all of the Americans were flattened for the fatal "ten."

Antonio Valdez, one of the cleverest boxers of Cuba, a youngster who has whipped the majority of the best featherweights in the south, will never box again. Valdez recently fought Angel Diaz, the Cuban junior lightweight and received a blow that has paralyzed the entire left side of his body.

Eddie McGuire, formerly matchmaker of the North Side A. C., Atlantic City, will remain in Miami indefinitely.

Jack Fisher, who promoted a number of shows at the Jai-Alai (Hi-Li) Fronton, at Hialeah, near Miami last Fall, has not opened his arena as he expected. Fisher states he probably will be running ere this appears in THE RING.

"Jersey" Jones, well known publicity agent and manager of quite a few knuckle whirlers, informs the writer he may spend the coming Fall and Winter in Miami. Should "Jersey" arrive as per schedule, Broadway probably will never see Jones ever more, as he will assuredly get the Miami "fever" and stay permanently.

"Pa" Stribling, manager-father of Young Stribling, who is partner with Ed Douglass at the Biscayne Stadium, Miami, probably will not seek to have his contract with Douglass extended this Fall.

Dick Baker, the dashing little battler of Miami, has forsaken the bantamweight division. He will henceforth box in the featherweight class. Baker, who has never been defeated, cleaned up all the banties with the result he will seek further fame in the heavier division. Baker is the outstanding fighter of class now in this section.

Bogie Saab, a former preliminary fighter of Birmingham, is reaping late fame as a ring artist. Saab's style apparently appeals to the Miami fans, where he is known as the Berlenbach of the south.

Larry Dailey, well known sports writer, formerly of Chicago and Denver, now holding down the sports desk of The Daily Illustrated Tab of Miami, is not only a strong booster for clean boxing, but his comments on the sport shows that he is a keen observer. Larry formerly refereed in Denver and Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Happy Henry, a Tampa junior welterweight, is travelling nicely in Miami at present. Henry has a wicked left hook and has scored quite a string of knockouts on the West Coast. George Braun, who handled Artie McCann, the Philadelphia featherweight, has Henry in tow.

Jacksonville, after endeavoring to get the game on a paying basis under the management of Fred O. Eberhardt, was forced to close through the efforts of the reform element.

A fistic offering above the ordinary would be a match between Dick Baker of Miami and Tommy Jones of Macon. Undoubtedly two of the cleverest and classiest legitimate featherweights in the south, a meeting between these youths would verge on a championship affair in this section.

While Miami has a boxing commissioner appointed by the city government, we cannot understand why action is not taken in giving the fans the proper weight of the contestants. The so-called weatherweights, for example, average from 135 to the welterweight limit. The same holds true in other classes.

Miami fight fans are under the impression that Mike Wallace, Duke Barry's light heavyweight, performed very creditably in his encounter with King Solomon at Cleveland recently. Wallace, who is a big favorite in Florida, undoubtedly would have done better had Barry been seconding him.

Duke Barry, considered one of the cleverest managers in the south, intends to enlarge his stable of boxers. He would like to hear from reputable boxers of all weights. Barry is located in Miami, where he can be addressed.

CALIFORNIA GOSSIP

Is the fight game being run into the ground? What is the reason for the apparent apathy on the part of the public toward local fight shows? How is one to diagnose the situation?

Certainly something is wrong. It can hardly be termed lack of interest because everyone is aware that San Francisco boasts just about the keenest fight fans in the country.

What is it? What is the remedy?

If you accept our humble opinion, the trouble may be traced to the fact that the class of shows staged is not of the caliber to appeal to the public at the prices demanded.

"We do not propose to have boxers and their managers dictate to the promoters or the public about their titles not being at stake, when they fight in California," said William Hanlon. "Using technicalities to prevent championships from being involved will not be tolerated. Hereafter, when champions appear in this state the commission is going to have a voice in the matter."

Hanlon, issued the above statement in regard to champions fighting in California without risking their titles.

Young Dudley, Negro welterweight, will make a trip East this summer. Dudley has been in communication with Leo Flynn, New York manager. "Kid" Norfolk, colored light heavyweight, recommended Dudley to Flynn.

On the same card Al Meyers hit Tanner Shaw with everything but the ring posts but could not knock him out. Myers is a very much improved fighter and will get plenty of work. He fights on the same order as Abe Goldstein. Jack Frisse got the best hand of the night when he held Micky Malloy to a draw. Frisse is a promising boy and with proper handling will go a long way.

At Windsor, across the river, Dave Knight put on what looked to be a good card. Johnny Rose fought Charley Raymond in the main go. This was a good fight while it lasted. Raymond was too smart for Rose. In the eighth and last round Rose sent a left hook that hit Raymond low and the referee gave the fight to Raymond on a foul.

The best fight on the card was between Sandy McDonald of Scotland and Mike Sulick of New York. They stood up and fought and it was give and take. Sulick was awarded the decision.

Al Myers, of Detroit, pasted Jack Tracy at will and the fans are still wondering why the referee stopped the fight and called it no contest as Myers did his best and had Tracy down. Myers at least was entitled to the decision.

Jack Frisse again showed his stuff by winning from Chick West. This was a good fight. They are willing youngsters and gave the fans all the action they wanted.

MONTREAL GOSSIP

By MAXIE LEWIS

Getting away to a good start Billy Moorehouse inaugurated his popular priced all six-round bouts show on June 1. This was merely an experiment on the promoter's part and as the five bouts carded were all good, the policy adopted will stand.

In the final of the party Ted Cossette of this city, won from Joe Gardner of Rochester, but to do that Ted had to be smacked on the jaw by a wicked right cross Joe sent his way in the opening frame which floored the French boy and had him dizzy the remainder of the round. After that Cossette had a margin in every round.

George Chabot, former National A. A. A. boxer and amateur 135 lb. Provincial champion, made his "pro" debut when he beat Charlie Miller of Toronto, in the semi-final. Chabot is a hard puncher and if he would resort less to clinching and holding, the effects of his punches would show to better advantage.

Gerald Beaudin, another National boy making his "pro" debut, scored a technical knockout over Joe Chlae of Lachine in the fourth round when Chale's seconds threw in the towel. Chale was hit on the "Adam's apple" and could barely speak above a whisper after the bout. Beaudin shows promise of giving all the bantams in this section plenty of trouble.

Joe Villeneuve, a little bundle of energy from Quebec City, made his Metropolitan debut and knocked out Jackie Silvers, a local flyweight, in the third round. Villeneuve made a hit with the fans by his tireless efforts and not giving his opponent a moments rest. "Li'l" Joe evidently follows the slogan of the Northwest Mounted, "Get Your Man," and he did.

"Battling" Landrelli and "Biscuits" Gravel, two local feathers, put up a slam-bang affair with the latter getting the judges' eye.

George Rivet, aided by his shiny scalp, refereed the bouts and as usual made a good job of it as did "Cop" Boucher, who handled the early bouts.

Eugene Brosseau, once Canada's greatest middleweight, made a comeback to the professional ring but not as a boxer. Gene has a fine stable of boys in Cossette, Chabot and Beaudin, and has turned manager. Brosseau taught these boys all they know about the fight game. Incidentally the stable came through victorious in Gene's first managerial venture.

Lou "Kid" Lewis, Canada's premier lightweight, blew into town from a recent setto with Ray Mitchell of Philly, at Johnstown, Pa., where he held the Quaker to a draw. Lou challenged the winner of the Cossette-Gardner bout and it won't be long before Ted will have to step in with the "Lachine Flash." Lou was signed to box Cossette sometime ago but Ted took a run out pill.

Ralph McNaughton, the Quebec junior featherweight, was introduced to the fans and got a rousing welcome. Ralph, in his last two starts, kayoed Freddie Vincent and beat Howard Mayberry, both of Hamilton. Mayberry has decisions over such boys as Tommy Ryan, Eddie "Cannonball" Martin, Bobby Ebor, Spencer Gardner, a draw with Genaro, etc. Ralph is hot on the trail of Jackie Johnston and Vic Foley.

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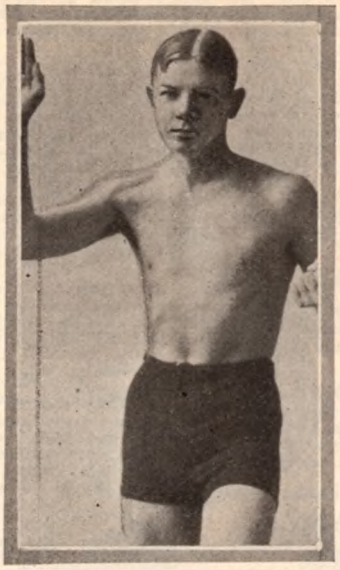
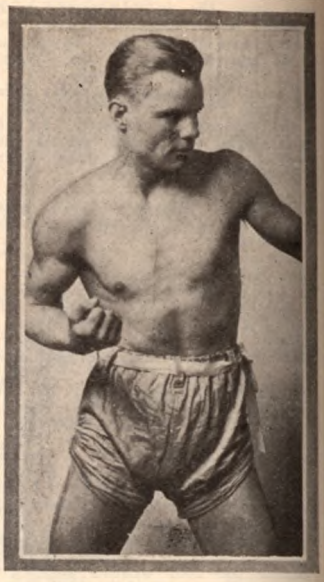
Lee "Kid" Johnson, promising youngster from Charlotte, N. C.



Green Evans, pride of the State of Texas, eager to meet Mickey Walker.



Tot Wilson, welterweight representative from Knoxville, Tenn., a boy with a good record.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GOSSIP

By OTTO A. PETERS

In the future, California boxing referees must take their orders from the State inspectors. This astounding discovery was made by Larry McGrath when he entered Ewing Field recently. McGrath had a "run in" with a 23-year-old official who told the referee that he would like to give him "his instructions." Larry bridled at that and told the young man he could jump in the lake or any other place that might be handy. Commissioner Billy Hanlon sided with the official and Larry was forced to back water. McGrath received $300 for his work. The inspector got $15. Larry has been in the boxing game as a performer and referee for 20 years. The deputy is not much older.

The State law specifically states that the referee shall have complete charge of the show after he enters the ring. Why it should be necessary for anyone to tell him what to do is beyond our understanding. The principle of the thing is all wrong. It is a mercy that spectators do not know what goes on behind the scenes. They would want to give some of these high-hatted officials a blanket tossing.

Chuck Borden, Glendale welterweight, easily outpointed Gil Davis in the ten-round main event at the American Legion card. It was not until after the bout that Davis had discovered that he had fractured his thumb on his left hand.

Billy Darnley, manager of boxers, has announced that he is through handling mitt maulers, and has taken out a referee's license and in the future will occupy the position of arbiter instead of guardian. Billy deserves the popularity he has won in this community.

Referee Ben McFarland believes in keeping in condition and proved that he knew a whole lot about the boxing game when he consented to box two fast rounds at the San Bernardino American Legion Club gymnasium.

There's one saving thing about the Mickey Walker-Lefty Cooper fight. It proved that Walker is all that he said and it bore out his statement that he wouldn't carry an opponent along. Mickey finished the Cooper job with dispatch.

Suppose Cooper had gone six or seven rounds after the display of Walker's prowess in that first round? Consensus of opinion would have been that Walker allowed Cooper to stay.

Tod Morgan, according to his dad, will be the next featherweight champion. Morgan, Sr., is confident his boy has everything necessary for a title-holder.

Ray Miller, Chicago featherweight, who has been boxing in Southern California for the last two months, has left for his home in Illinois. Larry Lichtenstein, manager of Miller, will remain in Los Angeles. Lichtenstein is handling Ernie Gooseman, Lou Rollinger, the Chicago school boy; Billy Bunch and Benny Berris.

Sammy Mandell arrived in Los Angeles recently. Mandell is accompanied by Barney Abel, his trainer and Joe Levy, former manager of Joe Rivers.

Harry Gilmore, grand old man of the ring, who recently came to California from Chicago, has opened a school of boxing.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

By BEN SONORA

Sailor Eddie Huffman scored another triumph when he took a ten round decision over the veteran Floyd Johnson. Huffman took seven rounds, Johnson two, and one was even. Each scored one knockdown but took no count.

Georgie Rivers gave Newsboy Brown of New York a lacing at the Hollywood Arena. It was one of the best bouts ever put up at the arena.

Sol Levinson, famous the world over in boxing circles, died in San Francisco recently, at the age of 51. He had been ill for some time with stomach trouble. Levinson, an old-time boxer of repute, started making boxing gloves 30 years ago and for 25 years made gloves for every championship bout.

Jackie Fields took seven out of ten rounds over Joe Salas at the Hollywood Legion Arena. A packed house witnessed the bouts and everybody pulled for Salas.

Tony Fuente, heavyweight boxer, has been in Los Angeles for several days. Fuente has been trying to break the agreement he signed with Roscoe Conklin, the fire captain manager. Unable to come to any understanding, Fuente will leave the United States again. He is going to Mexicali.

Ted ("Kid") Lewis, former holder of the welterweight title, has arrived in Los Angeles, following a long campaign overseas, where he engaged in several contests. He was accompanied here by two foreign boxers whom he would like to introduce to local fans. Lewis during his stay here will make his home in Hollywood.

Bert Colima came back stronger than ever after a lay-off that was necessary after being knocked out by Mickey Walker. Colima stopped Kid Mexico in the second round of a scheduled 10-round bout, at Doyle's Arena. Colima knocked down Mexico six times in the first round and four times when the referee stopped the bout. Mexico, a veteran of more than 300 bouts, was making his big bid for recognition in this new day of legalized boxing.

Johnny Farr, the tough Oakland featherweight, won the first round in the opening bout of the Hollywood Legion featherweight tournament when he earned a ten-round decision over the highly-touted Ray Miller of Chicago. The survivor will box Kid Kaplan at the Hollywood Arena.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Earl Bascle, New Orleans flyweight, continued his winning streak when he defeated the Filipino, Joe Murla. It was Bascle's fifteenth consecutive win and he seems to be improving with every start.

Bascle is one of the tallest flyweights in the game, standing 5 feet 7 inches. He is game, tough and can punch with either hand and at the end of the year we should find him boxing the best in his class.

"Red" Walsh, manager of Basil Galiano, claimant of the Southern lightweight championship, was in our midst recently looking for suitable training quarters for Galiano, who will work here this summer. Walsh may be induced to show his lightweight to local fans while here.

"Tut" Seymour, Bay St. Louis welterweight, defeated Battling Budd at Biloxi last month in one of the best contests seen in some time. Budd was 2 to 1 over Seymour before the bout, but after the contest had gone a few rounds it looked as though Seymour should have been the favorite. Many dollars were lost on Budd.

The friends of Jack Doyle, New Orleans flyweight, who is campaigning in the East at present will be glad to hear that he has won four fights. He has defeated such boys as Mickey Lewis (twice), "Do-Do" Jackson and Lew Goldberg.

Doyle trains at Johnny Collins' farm in Summit, N. J., for his bouts. Collins has an interest in Doyle and predicts a bright future for Jack.

"Bub" Seymour and Frankie De Mari boxed a ten-round draw in Biloxi last month. They slugged toe to toe from the opening gong until the last. They will be rematched for the latter part of this month.

Ray Schaeffer, Biloxi featherweight, will clash with Chas. Rodriquez some time this month. They clash over the ten-round route.

Joe Lewis, Rockford, Ill., lightweight, now residing in Baton Rouge, La., may be seen in action here shortly against some good opponent. Lewis is a pal of Sammy Mandell, being taught the rudiments of the boxing game by Sammy when he first started.

Lewis has won decisions over Jack Russo, Charlie Pitts and at one time had a string of 21 consecutive victories. He is one of the best prospects the writer has seen in some time.

Delos ("Kid") Williams, Kid Pancho and Louis Martin have been offered a bout with Earl Bascle in Biloxi.

Martin Burke, light heavyweight champion of the South, will train at Biloxi for several bouts that he has booked in the South. Burke recently trounced Floyd Johnson in New Orleans and Lew Diamond, manager of Burke, has received offers from all parts of the country for Burke's services.

Jack Sedan, amateur flyweight champion of the South, will meet Qunia Lee in Biloxi the latter part of this month. It will be Sedan's professional debut. He comes from a fighting family, having a brother, "Kid" Brownie, by name, who is the flyweight champion of the Pacific fleet.

Bobby Higgins, hard punching featherweight of New Orleans, may be brought here next month to box "Bub" Seymour again. They staged one of the best bouts seen on the Gulf Coast this year.

"Whitey" Schultz, manager of Jack Lewis, would like to show his featherweight to local fans against "Bub" Seymour, Ray Schaeffer or any 126-pounder in the South. Lewis boxed in Biloxi last year stopping "Young" Sharkey, "Kid" Cucurulo, and winning over Benny Harvey in ten rounds.

Paul La Croix, manager of Amos ("Kid") Carlin and "Big Boy" Peterson, may be induced to show Carlin against Earl Bascle, if Bascle wins decisively over Frankie Smith the latter part of this month.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

Promoters here are not having the best of luck with their shows. Davy Jones, matchmaker for the American Legion, had Jackie Nichols and Al Corbett matched but Nichols broke his hand and the show was called off. Commissioner Plies said he wanted no substitutes and it was the only thing left for Davy to do.

Pontiac again has been put on the map as a fight town. Fred Schrader put on the show and drew a good house. In the main bout Mel Jergersen, the Escanaba Swede, held the tough Bernie Tremaine to a draw. Schrader is putting them right back again.

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MORRIE ENGEL — 112-116 pounds. World's amateur flyweight champion in 1923.

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WORDS OF WISDOM

By JAY J. THOMAS

NEVER thrust forth your chin just to
Show the boys you're tough,
For no matter where you put it,
They'll find it soon enough.

Keep your eyes open, mouth closed,
Block with your gloves instead of your nose,
If you lead with your chin, your troubles begin.

The world loves a good catcher, but cheerful giver," and they pay a pitcher more.

WHEN the manager says, "He can't hurt us,"
It isn't his features, the boys will muss.

There is one alibi that always goes good—
"I never could fight, but I sure thought I could."

When in doubt, clout. If you are wrong,
You'll soon find it out.
YOU can teach them socks and cleverness and

Sometimes win much fame,
But if the "hound" is in them,
You can never make them game.
You can lead with your left, it is safe in most cases,
In reserve hold the trusty old right;
But if you stop a "cross" in the place
Where your face is—
Bon soir, adios, in plain English,
"Good night."

A few more words of Wisdom, to this rule you must cling,
Look for sympathy in the dictionary,
But experience, you'll find in the ring!

Questions and Answers

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

J. K. L., San Diego, Cal.

Q.—Who won the fight between Johnny Dundee and Mexican Joe Rivers.

A.—Dundee.

A. S. D., New York City.

Q.—Who gave Benny Leonard his hardest battle?

A.—Leonard gives the credit to Ever Hammer.

S. U. D., Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—Did Mickey Walker ever fight Willie Harmon?

A.—No.

Sylvester O. Owens, Bayonne, N. J.

Q.—Can Benny Leonard make the weight in the lightweight division if he should return to the ring?

A.—Positively no.

Houston Street reader, New York City.

Q.—Who won the popular decision between Willie Harmon and Pinkie Mitchell? They fought in Newark, N. J., recently.

A.—Harmon.

A Lady Enthusiast.

Q.—Has Georges Carpentier retired?

A.—Not officially.

George Edmunds, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—If Louis (Kid) Kaplan and Danny Kramer fought again whom would you pick to win?

A.—Kramer.

James L. O'Sullivan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Do you think Jack Dempsey will ever fight again?

A.—No.

A Friend, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Where can I get in touch with Gene Tunney?

A.—Would advise you to write him in care of his manager, Billy Gibson, Liggett Bldg., Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, or to the Westchester-Biltmore Club at Rye, N. Y.

Inquisitive Reader, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—Where is Tin Ear Alley and Cauliflower Row located in New York City? Have read so much about both. When in that city I would like to look the boys over.

A.—Tin Ear Alley is located in the Putnam Bldg., on Broadway between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets. Cauliflower Row is located in a restaurant on Broadway near Forty-first Street.

A Reader, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—(1) Has Joe Lynch retired? (2) What has become of Pete Herman? (3) Who was the greatest bantam of modern times?

A.—No. (2) He is conducting a cabaret in New Orleans. (3) Pete Herman.

Isidore Schwartz, East Side, New York City.

Q.—Who is Izzy the Painter?

A.—Isidore Faber.

Joe Marino, New York City.

Q.—Who did Young Marullo fight the last time he showed at Madison Square Garden?

A.—Paul Berlenbach.

An Inquirer, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Who knocked out Johnny Dundee?

A.—Willie Jackson.

A Friend, New York City.

Q.—Is Benny Leonard sincere in coming back?

A.—According to Leonard he wants to fight Mickey Walker in the summer of 1926.

Joe Loewers, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Who is Edouard Mascart's American manager?

A.—Lew Burston.

One Who Would Like to Know, Syracuse, N. Y.

Q.—Is it true that Jack Zivic scored a knockout over Lew Tendler? What is his nationality?

A.—Yes. Croatian-American.

James L. Moskowitz, The Bronx, New York City.

Q.—How can I get in touch with Benny Leonard?

A.—He is on the road in vaudeville. The Keith people will give you a line on his bookings.

A Reader, Juarex, Mexico.

Q.—What is Jack Dempsey's nationality?

A.—Irish-Indian, although some in the know claim he is of Polish extraction.

Joe Morgan, Cleveland, Ohio.

Q.—What is Al Brown's right name?

A.—Alphonso Theaphilo Brown.

Walter I. Sherwood, Ossining, N. Y.

Q.—What is the cost of a boxing license in New York State and what is necessary to get one?

A.—(Correction) $5, not $25 as erroneously stated in last month's issue of The Ring. State your qualifications on official documents that can be had upon application to Daniel Skilling, secretary of New York State Athletic Commission, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

I. S. P., Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Who broke John L. Sullivan's arm and finished the fight with him? Where?

A.—Patsy Cardiff, Minneapolis, Jan. 18, 1887. Called a draw.

Lucio Baca, Santa Fe., New Mexico.

Q.—(1) Was Wolgast entitled to the decision over Joe Rivers, at the Vernon arena? (2) Did Mandell ever fight Jimmy Limmez, of Wichita, Kansas, in Chicago?

A.—(1) Not according to ringside critics. (2) Not according to records.

A. B., N. Y. City.

Q.—(1) What characteristic "builds" do k.o. punchers have? (2) Does a good twist at the wrist add greater force to a blow and is deltoid and forearm development essential? (3) Do hard hitters deliver a series of blows or single swift shots? (4) Would a good left hook be better than a right? (5) Does a punch take effect quicker at the extreme point of the chin? (6) Of three single blows delivered on the same poised chin, would an uppercut, a hook, or a straight blow "tell" quicker? (7) Do most knockout punches, according to observation, have speed or a powerful lunging drive?

A.—(1) None. Fitz, a kangaroo; Ketchel, a sheik; Dempsey and McGovern, slope shouldered, slender legs. (2) Sometimes. (3) McGovern and the rusher type shot broadsides. Fitz, Gans, et al, played for openings and shot in a crusher. Gans knocked out Erne, for world's lightweight title, with first punch in first round. First time title changed so quickly. (4) Depends on your opponent's style of defense. (5) Not more so than a blow to pit of stomach but more apt to produce unconsciousness. (6) Equal in value if landing cleanly on chin. Dempsey floored Willard seven times with left hooks to face too high up. (7) Speed, with weight behind them.

Bennie Karpel, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the greatest Hebrew, Italian, Negro, German, English and Polish boxers of all time?

A.—Leonard, Dundee, Gans, Wolgast, Wilde, Ketchel.

F. A., Yonkers, N. Y.

Q.—Who was the inventor of scientific boxing?

A.—No one. It was of gradual development from crude methods of early ages. Mace, of England, was the first to show skill in modern tactics.

Wm. McGarrie, Norwalk, Conn.

Q.—(1) What was Jem Mace's hardest fight? Whom did he defeat last when he fought? (2) Why did Tom Hyer receive the decision over Heenan? What caused the trouble?

A.—(1) Tom King. Tom Allen, May 10, 1870, for world's title. (2) Hyer and Heenan never met in ring.

Constant Reader, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) During what years was Pete Herman bantam champion? (2) Johnny Buff? (3) Tommy Ryan, middleweight champion? (4) Jim Jeffries, heavyweight champion? (5) When did Leonard win the crown?

A.—(1) 1917 to 1920, 1921—one month. (2) 1921 to 1922. (3) 1896 to 1908. (4) 1899 to 1905. (5) 1917.

Alexander Baroglias, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—Who was the largest man Caper Leon ever fought?

A.—Dave Sullivan.

Michael Savage, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What became of Johnny Hamm, of Pittsburgh? Isn't he going to fight any more? What is his nationality?

A.—Has retired. Working in the steel mills in Pittsburgh. German-American.

R. H. Johnson, New York City.

Q.—What is Pepper Martin's real parentage?

A.—Vincent (Pepper) Martin was born in Brooklyn of Irish-American parents.

G. O. Choppell, Bradley, Okla.

Q.—What are the meaurements of Charley (Phil) Rosenberg?

A.—Weight, 118; height, 5 feet, three inches; reach, 64; chest normal, 34, chest expanded, 37; waist, 27; ankle, 10; biceps, 11; wrist, 7; thigh 17½; neck, 14½; forearm, 11; calf, 14.

Israel Demsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) If Leonard and Walker met, would Leonard stand a chance of defeating Mickey? (2) In your opinion, would Dempsey beat Wills should they meet?

A.—(1) I should say so. (2) Dempsey isn't going to fight any more, so what's the use of expressing an opinion.

Clyde Berry, Alberta, Canada.

Q.—(1) Who is the best boxer in the ring? (2) Was Young Stribling ever knocked out? (3) Did Ad Stone once defeat him? (4) Who is the best fighter, the present Jack Dempsey or John L. Sullivan in his prime? (5) Did Georges Carpentier nearly k.o. Dempsey when they fought?

A.—(1) There are several such as Jimmy Slattery, Sammy Mandell, Sid Terris, Jack Delaney, Tom Gibbons and Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg. (2) No. (3) Yes, popular decision in twelve rounds. (4) John L. (5) The Frenchman staggered the champion with terrific right in second round.

Jack (Kid) Sullivan, Baltimore.

Q.—Was Jimmy Slattery ever knocked out?

A.—No.

Armando Dugand, No. 123 West 77th Street, N. Y. City.

Q.—(1) From whom and when did Pancho Villa win the flyweight title, and was that bout won by a knockout or on points? (2) The New York papers all say that Eddie (King) Solomon, heavyweight monarch of Central America, is a Hebrew. I have lived in Panama and Colombia where Solomon is a well known boxer and never heard that he was such. As far as I have been informed, his father is or was a Syrian and his mother is from Cartagena (Colombia) and the King himself was born in Panama. Anyway he's a tough kid and he sure can fight it out with the best over here. Just watch him in his fight with Renault.

A.—(1) Villa knocked out Johnny Buff in 11 rounds for Amercan laurels in 1922, and Jimmy Wilde in 7 for world's title. (2) General impression is that he is a Jew. We will investigate your assertion.

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Alex Hart
Sammy Mandell
Pal Moran

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Spencer Gardner
Battling Levinsky
Benny Leonard
Jee Lynch
Quentin Romero Rojas
Packey McFarland
Ted "Kid" Lewis

Mike McTigue
Al McCoy
Dido Plumb
Tommy Ryan
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Eddie Burnbrook
Pete Sarmiento
Basil Gallano
Harry Felix

Sid Terris
Johnny Curtin
Georgie Ward
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"Send immediately two punching bags with six bladders, one pair boxing shoes, gym wear, punching bag gloves, Hotel Claridge, Paris."

—N. Y. Times, May 26, 1925.

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